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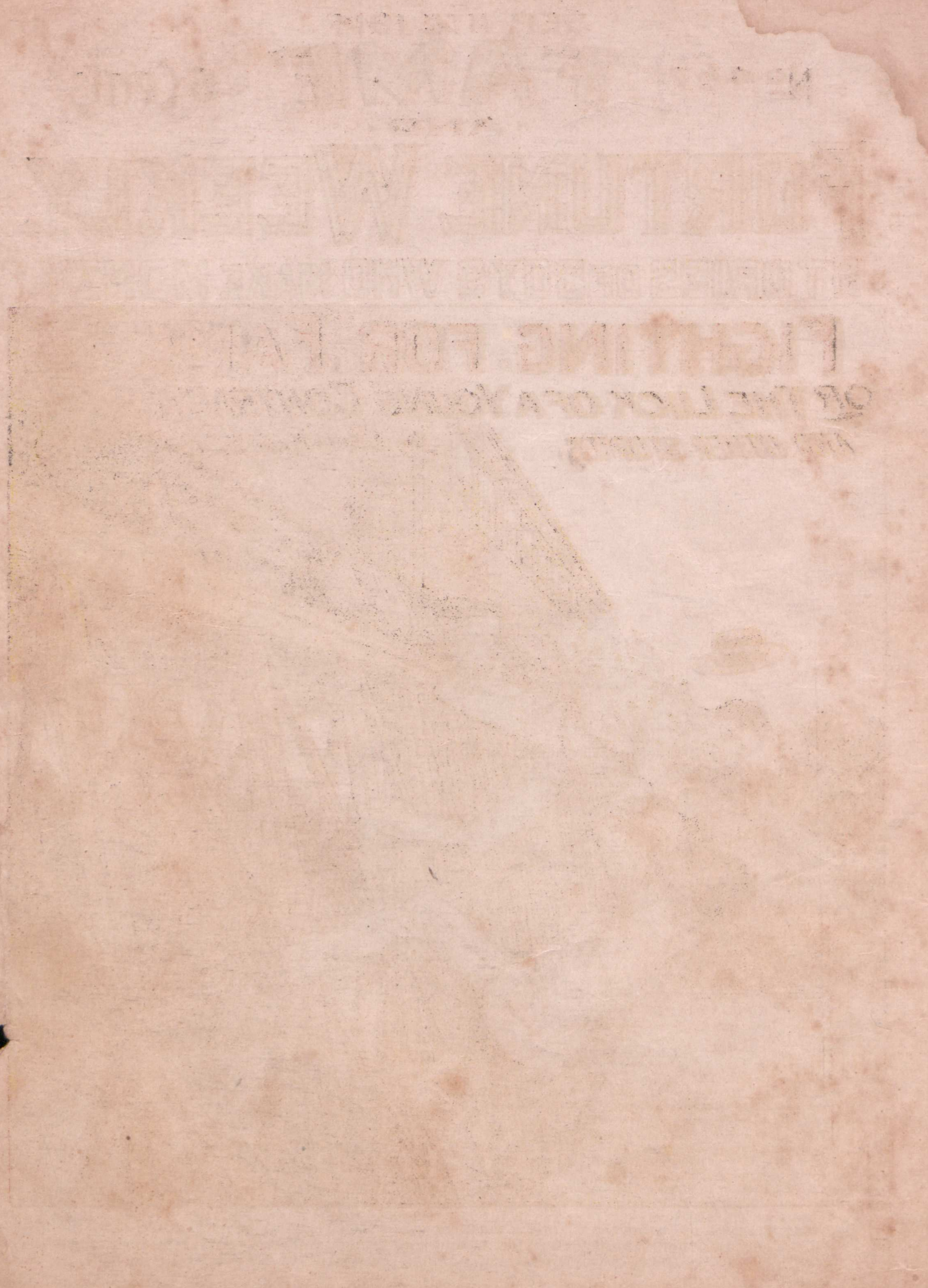
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

FIGHTING FOR FAME OR THE LUCK OF A YOUNG CONTRACTOR AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The rascal grasped the boy and flung himself from the trestle. With a mighty roar the train rushed over the spot both had been occupying a moment before. Down plunged the young contractor and his foe toward the river below.



Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 467.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

FIGHTING FOR FAME

— OR —

THE LUCK OF A YOUNG CONTRACTOR

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

THE RAILROAD CONTRACT.

"Well, Don," said Gilford Winthrop, a bright-eyed, earnest-looking lad of eighteen years, as his twin brother, Donald, entered the office of "John Winthrop, General Contractor," on Main street, in the town of Lakeview, "does the contract stand?"

There was a shade of anxiety in his voice, while his hazel eyes searched his brother's face as if he would read the answer in his expressive features.

"Yes, Gil," replied Don, in cheery tones, "everything is satisfactorily arranged. Mr. Prescott, the chief engineer of the D. P. & Q., assures me that the original bond is holding on the work, and so far as the railroad company's concerned, father's death will make no difference with respect to the contract."

"Good!" exclaimed Gil, with sparkling eyes.

"Andrew Newman was present, and he made a big fight to freeze us out. He said all manner of uncomplimentary things about you and I; but it did not do him any good, just the same."

"I'm glad the matter is settled, Don," said Gil, with an air of relief. "I was afraid that Newman would get the inside track of us. He's an old and experienced contractor, you know. He expected to get this contract, in the first place, and was as mad as a hornet when it was awarded to father. The day it was signed Jim Kelso, Newman's confidential foreman, who was under the influence of liquor at the time, swore that father never would complete the work within the stipulated time. Do you think we may look for trouble from the Newman crowd?"

"It is quite possible they will try to annoy us all they can. We must be on our guard. It is up to us, Gil, to build the road within the time limit, not only for the honor of the thing, but to save forfeiture of the security bond, which you are aware amounts to twenty per cent. of the approximate cost of the contract. No excuses for the non-fulfilment of the agreement will go with the railroad company."

Don walked over to the safe, took therefrom the blue prints and a copy of the general specifications for building the line of road covered by the contract.

The two boys sat down to a table and, with a pile of memoranda prepared by their father before he died, they were soon engrossed in a study of the situation.

The late John Winthrop had contracted to build a branch line for the D. P. & Q. railroad from Lakeview to the main line at Glendale, a distance of about twenty miles.

As this was not the first contract of the kind he had undertaken, he was well provided with the necessary facilities for the prosecution of such work.

His steam shovel outfit had a capacity of 2,500 cubic yards in ten hours, and it handled all kinds of material from the softest earth to shale rock, large boulders, tree stumps, etc., and performed all the work of loosening and loading.

As the economical working of the shovel required that the material should be hauled away as fast as it was loaded, Mr. Winthrop had provided some thirty dirt cars, which, when the distance to the dump was short, were hauled by horses; otherwise they were made up in two trains and handled by a couple of narrow-gauge locomotives.

The steam shovel was indispensable on the present job, as the survey carried the line through a spur of the foothills, where a cut half a mile or more long would have to be excavated.

A short tunnel had to be cut through a cliff projecting into the lake. But by far the greater part of the roadbed would lie along a flat, comparatively level district bordering on the lake which gave its name to the town with which railroad connection was to be made.

An arm of this body of water ran close into the spur of the hill where the principal excavation was to be made, and Mr. Winthrop counted on this as a great advantage to him, as the fifty horse-power non-condensing engine employed to operate the steam shovel used so much water that the cost of water supply, which was a serious matter to him when water was not readily obtainable, was reduced to a minimum.

John Winthrop had only one competitor for the railroad contract.

This was Andrew Newman, a man by no means popular in that neighborhood, where he had done a great deal of road building for the county.

Newman wanted this particular contract badly, and he tried his level best to get it, making use of questionable methods. But possession of the proper plant enabled Winthrop to underbid him, and Newman felt bitter toward his successful rival.

Winthrop had got things almost in shape for beginning the work, when one morning he was found dead in his chair in his private office.

The physician called in declared that he had died of heart failure. The case, therefore, did not go to the coroner, and in due time all that was mortal of John Winthrop was laid away in the town burying-ground.

A few days after the funeral Newman called on Mrs. Winthrop and made her an offer for the business and plant as it

stood, which, of course, carried with it the railroad contract. The offer was not at all satisfactory.

Besides, her two stalwart sons, Donald and Gilford, had determined to carry on their father's business.

They believed themselves fully competent to do so. Both had taken a three years' course of civil engineering, and in addition thereto had had two years' practical experience under their father's eye.

For Mr. Winthrop's intention had been to eventually take his boys into partnership.

With a valuable contract at their disposal, and all the necessary means at hand to carry out the work outlined, it would have been a foolish move to dispose of the business, even at a fair price.

And Mr. Newman's offer could scarcely have been called a fair one.

He believed the Winthrop business was at his mercy.

For Don and Gil he had nothing but contempt.

He looked on them merely as boys.

Not for a moment did he believe they would attempt to carry out the contract for grading the twenty miles of roadbed between Lakeview and Glendale.

He was unpleasantly surprised when he discovered that such was really their intention.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed to his man Kelso, and his chief assistant, of course, agreed that the idea was preposterous.

"I shall see the chief engineer of the D. P. & Q. about it," he said angrily.

And he did.

He found Don Winthrop in consultation with Mr. Prescott.

He was admitted to the conference, and he used every argument in his power to convince the engineer that it would be folly to allow the Winthrop estate to carry on the contract with two such boys as Don and Gil in charge.

But Mr. Prescott had the records of the young fellows before him, and he saw no reason why the contract should not stand. The boys were fully prepared and apparently qualified to carry out the work, and the surety bond was good.

So Andrew Newman was disappointed in his effort to attain the object sought after.

The contract was to stand, and he was out of it.

We are sorry to say that the big contractor used some very strong language to relieve his feelings after he left the engineer's office.

"If he had been disgruntled by losing the contract originally to John Winthrop, he was twice as much put out to be euchred by that gentleman's sons.

"I'll get square with those cubs for daring to beard me to my face. So they think they can build this branch line, do they?"

He laughed sardonically as he walked along the street toward his own office.

"They think they can do the work on time, eh? With a half-mile spur to be cut through in the hills and the tunnel at the cliff to blast out. Oh, yes; they'll do it. Not if Andrew Newman knows it they won't, and I guess he'll keep track of what they do. I swore their father shouldn't make a success of this work, and I meant it. I guess he was a bigger proposition than they are."

He stopped at a saloon to get a drink, a frequent habit of his, and found his confidential foreman, Jim Kelso, lined up with a couple of cronies against the bar.

Jim was not in the least abashed when his boss surprised him in this position.

Kelso had a habit of doing pretty much as he pleased when his business was not rushing, and Andrew Newman's affairs were somewhat slack just then.

He had only one contract on hand. It was a matter of road-building on the other side of the lake, and Kelso's assistant, Mike Mullen, was looking after that.

Newman called for a whisky, and, having drank it, he motioned Kelso to follow him outside.

"The railroad contract has been transferred to those boys in spite of everything I could do to the contrary," said Newman, gloweringly.

"Has it?" replied Kelso, with an unpleasant grin.

"They've got a cast-iron nerve to think they'll be able to put such an undertaking through in anything like the time stipulated."

"Failure to do it 'll cost 'em a pretty penny, I'm thinkin'," said Kelso, with another of his cheerful grins.

"Then they will go under."

"Mebbe they will. But I reckon we ought to help 'em along in that direction."

"They won't need any assistance. I'm willing to bet a thou-

sand dollars that they'll be all tangled up in less than a month."

"Don't be so sure of that, Mr. Newman," answered the foreman, with a sage wag of his head. "Them boys understand their business."

"Who says they do?" demanded the contractor angrily.

"I say so. If ye want to know my opinion, it's jest this: Them two lads are smarter'n chain lightning'."

"What are you giving me, Jim Kelso?" growled Mr. Newman, with a lowering brow.

"Nothin' what I can't prove. If ye want to do them two boys up ye've got ter get right down ter business. Ye don't want ter take no chances. They may have bitten off more'n they kin chew with this railroad job; but ye'll be kinder surprised, mark my words, to see the way they'll go at it. Them boys ain't no kid-glove dudes. You'd know it by this time if ye'd paid any attention to 'em, which I guess ye haven't."

This plain statement on the part of his foreman was news, and not pleasant news, to Andrew Newman.

He wanted to discredit it, for he despised everything that bore the name of Winthrop; but he was keen enough to understand that there must be some ground for Kelso's dogged assertion.

"Your word is pretty good, Jim, but I'd like something more substantial in the way of evidence."

"You watch them boys after they get started on this job of gradin' and ye'll have all the evidence ye want," said his foreman, with a nod that carried a great deal of weight with it.

"Well," grunted Newman, "I don't care how smart they are, I'm going to pickle them. I'm going to drive them out of business, in these parts, at any rate. I'll bust them higher than a kite before I get through with them. They'll regret the day they measured strength with Andrew Newman."

"Now ye're talkin'. And ye kin depend on me helpin' ye do it. I'm down on that fellow Don. He butted in 'tween my son Jerry and that there gal of mine, who thinks' cause she's blind she kin do as she pleases. But I reckon I won't stand no sich nonsense."

"Where did you come to get hold of that girl, Jim? She isn't your daughter."

"Never mind how I come to get her. I ain't tellin' everythin' I know. She belongs to me, and that's enough said," retorted Kelso, doggedly.

"Well, it's none of my business. Your affairs are your own. So long as you stand by me I'm your friend. If you hate one of the Winthrop cubs, so much the better. You'll take a greater relish in doing them up, and the worse they're done up the more satisfied I'll feel. Come into the office and we'll go over the matter and see how we'll go to work about the thing."

And thus, while Don Winthrop and his brother were arranging the final details for starting the grading of the railroad right of way, Andrew Newman and his assistant Jim Kelso were putting their heads together three blocks away, laying plans to defeat the efforts of the two bright young fellows to carry the work to a successful end.

CHAPTER II.

BLIND NELLIE.

Although Don and Gil Winthrop were twins, and of course of the same age, Don took the lead in everything without hesitation, and his brother instinctively accorded him first place and was content to follow at his dictation.

Gil was more like his mother, who was of a gentle, yielding disposition; while Don seemed to be the counterpart of his father, who had been a man of action, perseverance and uncommon energy.

The boys had never had a quarrel in their lives, and the possibility of a serious disagreement between them seemed very remote indeed.

So when the railroad contract was fairly started, Don took the entire supervision of the job on his shoulders, and Gil was satisfied to pass the larger portion of his time in the neighborhood of the big steam shovel, which had begun to eat its way into that particular spur of the foothills which stood in the path of the projected roadbed.

A temporary track had been laid down for something like a mile and a half to the outskirts of Lakeview for the purpose of hauling the earth from the hills to a ten-acre plot of low, swampy ground. This piece of land the Winthrop brothers had purchased cheap, and proposed to reclaim it by raising it to a level with the grade.

On contracts for railroads, the railroads would not allow the contractor to dispose of the material excavated, where it would

be expensive to the company. The present instance is an exception.

This was a bit of speculation on Don's part, for he knew that the owners of the Greenville Carriage Works, now located in the small town of Greenville, thirty miles distant, were looking for a convenient building site close to the new railway line, and he had made overtures to them on the subject, with every prospect of completing the deal in time.

Later on Don proposed to fill in a certain part of the lake shore within half a mile of the cut, which he and his brother had also acquired by purchase. On this made land they proposed to build a summer hotel, with tennis ground, bathing pavilion and other modern improvements.

It was a warm spring day, and everything was progressing favorably with the grading work of the new railroad line.

Don had three gangs at work.

At the cut there were five Italian laborers under Joe Sinkey, the foreman.

This gang was employed in shifting the steam shovel when necessary, taking up and relaying the tracks for the cars, shifting loaded and unloaded cars, etc.

Besides these men there was the engineer of the stationary engine, the fireman and the cranesman.

The wages and other expenses of the outfit was about \$150 per week.

Besides, there were the engineers of the two locomotives and a dumping gang at the other end of the track.

The third gang, which was the largest, was working between the cut and the Lakeview terminal, along fairly level ground.

Don was here, there and everywhere where work was in progress.

After dinner on this particular day he was out at the cut giving sundry instructions to his brother, who for the present was anchored at that locality.

Then, feeling that he had a respite for a while, he strolled over the foothills toward the cliff abutting on the lake. This cliff had to be tunneled at a certain point for the tracks to pass through.

This was the most delicate and difficult part of the contract, but it was a piece of work that appealed to Don's engineering tastes.

He was really very enthusiastic over the prospect of successfully piercing that wall of rock.

When Don reached the cliff he heated himself on a boulder in a nook among the rocks, and began to study the face of the projection which was to be penetrated by the drills.

He wondered how much labor and how many pounds of dynamite would be required to do the work properly within the lines of excavation as indicated by the plans.

"It will be a nice piece of work," he mused, as his eyes roved up and down the bare cliff. "Drilling and blasting must be conducted with all possible care to prevent shattering the roof and sides beyond the section lines."

Undoubtedly this was the most fascinating part of the contract for Don.

Fifty feet above where he sat the cliff projected in half-arch fashion over the surface of the lake.

Up there it was covered with a struggling mass of early vegetation, which shone brightly green in the afternoon sunlight.

A rough, irregular pathway pursued its sinuous course from the shore line to the top of the cliff.

One hundred feet from the edge of that airy height Don could just make out the roof of Jim Kelso's humble cottage.

The only sign of life in that vicinity was the wisp of hazy-looking smoke, which floated straight up in the air from the red brick chimney at the back of the house.

But as Don looked upward a sunbonnet came into view, and then by degrees the figure of a young girl in a check gown approached the edge of the cliff, standing there in the full glory of the sunshine.

"Good gracious!" gasped Don. "That's little blind Nellie. A step or two more and she will plunge to certain death among the rocks down here. How can I warn her?" and the boy stood up in great excitement.

But his anxious solicitude for the girl was really thrown away.

Nellie knew exactly where she was, although to her eyes the world was a blank.

Her senses of touch and of hearing were marvelous.

She knew every foot of the ground and the exact contour of the landscape for miles around the Kelso cottage.

The boy understood something about Nellie's remarkable

perceptive faculties, but for all that he was startled by her apparent peril.

"Nellie," he shouted eagerly, "go back; you are on the very edge of the cliff."

The girl easily heard and recognized the voice as it was wafted up to her.

She looked down at him and smiled as though she really saw him.

"What are you doing down there, Donald Winthrop?" she asked, taking off her bonnet and swinging it lazily to and fro by one of its strings.

"I'm coming up to talk to you a moment," he said, suiting the action to the word, for it made him nervous to see her standing in so dangerous a spot.

"No, please don't," she replied, in a tone that brought him to a full pause all at once.

"And why not?" asked Don impetuously, for since the day, three months before, when he had thrashed Jerry Kelso for striking her in the face—a cowardly act that had made his blood boil at the time—he had often thought of the blind girl. Her unfortunate condition as the drudge of the Kelsos appealed to his chivalry, and he had looked forward to another meeting with her as a matter of great pleasure.

The girl turned toward the cottage before answering. Then she said:

"I'll come down."

With the fearlessness of one sure of her way, Nellie walked a dozen yards back along the edge of the cliff till she came to the beginning of the roughly-hewn pathway, which she seemed to recognize without difficulty, and then started to descend the face of the rock.

No one watching her movements, which were as light and graceful as a fawn, would for a single moment have supposed her to be blind.

Don, too impatient to await her coming, sprang forward to meet her, and the girl knew he was coming from the moment he took his first step.

"Donald Winthrop, what an impetuous boy you are!" she exclaimed, with a winsome smile that lighted up as lovely a countenance as any painter could wish to transfer to canvas.

A sudden draught of air whistling about the cliff caught and blew out the unconfined tresses of her beautiful hair, and the sunlight transformed it into a mass of living, burnished gold.

"Impetuous, am I?" laughed Don, as he continued to advance to meet her. "To tell the truth, it gives me a chill to see you coming down this path in such a reckless manner."

"Why, there isn't any danger," replied the girl, in a tone of surprise.

"Isn't there? Well, I don't know about that. How can you know but the heavy rain of yesterday morning may have loosened a rock here and there?"

"But I am always very careful where I trust my feet, Don Winthrop," she said.

"I should judge by your movements that you are not half as careful as you ought to be."

"That's because you don't know me," she answered with a smile, as she placed her hand in his confidently when she felt he was near to her.

"You are truly a wonderful girl, Nellie," said Don, with a sympathetic, almost tender, look down into her sightless eyes. "Surely you have not always been blind?"

"No," she replied sadly. "I had a fall which injured the optic nerve, so that I gradually lost my sight a few years ago."

She suffered him to seat her on the boulder which he had just vacated, and she sat there in silence for a moment or two, with her face turned toward the lake, while he sat by her side and studied the beautiful face in its frame of golden hair.

"If Mother Kelso or Jerry should chance to see us together I'm afraid there would be trouble," she said at length. "You are sure we are alone?"

"Yes, Nellie, quite alone," replied the boy, after a rapid glance around the lonesome spot.

"I am glad," she continued in an eager voice. "I wanted so much to see you, Donald Winthrop. You are building a railroad near here, are you not—you and your brother?"

"Yes, Nellie."

"And that is why you came here, I suppose—to look around?"

"Yes. We are going to blast a tunnel through the base of this cliff by and by, and I came over to study the looks of the place."

"Mr. Andrew Newman—that's the man Mr. Kelso works for—wanted to build this road, didn't he?"

"Yes," answered Don, rather surprised at her remark.

"I heard Mr. Kelso talking about it at the cottage. Mr. Newman is very angry because you got the contract, and,"—she grasped Don's hand, while a little shudder agitated her—"I'm afraid you'll have trouble over the work. Mr. Kelso frightened me with the threats he used against you particularly."

"Why me in particular?"

"Because," and the boy saw the tears start in her blinded eyes, "he hates you bitterly. He says he means to get square with you for taking my part that day Jerry struck me. And I—I have never had the chance to thank you sufficiently for your courage in coming to my assistance. But now I am sorry you did—so sorry—because Mr. Kelso is a harsh and unreasonable man, and I dread lest he do you an injury, and all on my account."

"Nonsense, Nellie! I can take care of myself. I don't fear Jim Kelso a little bit. And if I hear of Jerry Kelso abusing you again I'll give him another dressing-down, one that he won't soon forget."

"No, no; you mustn't," she said earnestly. "You don't know these people. They are very vindictive."

"I shall keep a bright lookout against any of their little tricks," answered Don, resolutely.

"I hope you will," she said, with evident anxiety, "for I am sure they mean you harm, Donald Winthrop. I heard Mr. Kelso say you had a gang of men excavating the hill yonder," and Nellie waved her hand in the direction of the cut. "He told Mother Kelso he meant to do something in that direction that would knock your operations out for a while. You have an Italian there named Mike Rossi. You ought to watch him, for I am sure he is a very bad man. He used to work for Mr. Kelso. He was sent over to your place to get employment, and for no good purpose."

"I am much obliged to you, Nellie, for this warning," said Don gratefully. "I am looking for trouble from the Newman people, but of course cannot tell in what shape it is likely to come. I shall have this Rossi spotted, and if we catch him up to any funny business I'll have him in jail so quick that it'll make his head swim."

"I'm so glad of this chance to tell you these things," said the blind girl, looking up in Don's face. "I should feel very miserable if any harm happened to—you."

"And I am very grateful to you for interesting yourself in my behalf," replied the handsome young contractor. "I wish I could do something for you in return. I can't understand why a girl of your gentle nature is willing to put up with the life you lead with the Kelsos. You ought to leave them. My mother would be glad to offer you a home, while I——"

"No, no," replied the girl, with a frightened look. "I dare not leave them."

"Dare not!" exclaimed Don, impetuously. "Why?"

The girl looked at him appealingly.

"Tell me," urged the boy, earnestly, "has this Jim Kelso any claim upon you?"

"You must not ask me—indeed you must not!" she cried with a look of fear.

"Are you a relative of his?"

"No," she answered reluctantly.

"Then what possible hold can he have on you?"

Nellie only bent her head, and Don could see the tears stealing down her cheeks.

The sympathy he had all along felt for this gentle creature came to the surface with great warmth.

He bent over her and seized her little hands.

"There's some mystery in this, little girl. Why will you not trust me? I will be your friend. Tell me what the trouble is. Nellie, I insist on knowing."

Nellie sprang up with a suppressed scream and clung to Don's arm.

The boy turned quickly about, to find Jim Kelso standing within a few feet of them, regarding him with a look as black as thundergust.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF.

"Well," said Don, with a dignity that was natural to him, "what have you got to say about this matter, anyway?"

"What have I got to say?" said Kelso, with a sneer. "I've a good bit to say. Go home, gal," he added fiercely, turning to Nellie. "If I ketch you talkin' to this chap agin it won't be good for ye—understand?"

"Good-by, Don Winthrop," said Nellie, giving him her hand, which trembled visibly in his grasp.

"Good-by, Nellie," Don answered, without making any at-

tempt to detain her, which he judged would have brought down on her gentle head the anger of her tyrants.

The blind girl turned slowly away and began the ascent of the cliff, passing within arm's length of Kelso.

Don watched the man like a hawk, fearing he would strike the girl.

Had he done so, and his eyes seemed to indicate such an intention, there would have been trouble; Don was in no mood to stand for such an exhibition of brutality.

But Jim Kelso allowed Nellie to pass him unharmed.

It is possible he scented danger in the young engineer's face and preferred not to provoke a quarrel, strong and rugged as he undoubtedly was.

Evidently the man was not looking for a personal encounter at that moment.

"Now you kin go," he said, turning a malevolent look on the boy.

"Can I?" replied Don, with a short laugh, which in its way was a sort of danger signal. "Since when have you constituted yourself the arbiter of my movements?"

"None of your blamed business! 'I don't want ye hangin' 'round here chinnin' to that there gal; do you understand?"

"I wasn't aware that you had any control over this ground," replied Don sarcastically.

"I have control over that gal, and I won't stand for a gent like you puttin' any nonsense into her head—that's what I mean. You struck my son Jerry three weeks ago because he gave the gal a tap on the cheek for talkin' sassy to him, and I want ye to understand that I don't care for ye to repeat it," and Kelso nodded his head in a significant manner.

"I struck your son because he was behaving like a brute and refused to desist when I asked him to. He's big and husky enough to defend himself without calling on you."

That was quite true, although Jerry Kelso was but seventeen; but, like most bullies, he was a rank coward, and Don knew it.

"What was that gal sayin' to ye when I came up?" asked Kelso, suddenly changing the subject.

"Why do you want to know?" replied Don, looking him squarely in the eye.

"'Cause I reckon it's my business to know," answered the foreman doggedly.

"Well, you won't learn from me."

"Then I'll make her tell me," said Kelso, with an ugly scowl.

"And suppose she won't—what then?"

"Don't you worry; I'll find a way to open her mouth," he said significantly.

"Look here, Jim Kelso," said Don, walking squarely up to him; "do you know what I think of you?"

"No, nor I don't keer."

"Don't you? Well, I've just got one word to say to you on that subject, and if you know when you're well off you'll heed what I say. Don't let me hear of you laying the weight of your hand on that girl. I mean it. For as sure as there is a heaven above I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget as long as you live."

"You'll do what?" roared the foreman, doubling up his brawny fist.

"I'll take it out of your hide, if that's plain enough English."

"Why, I kin eat you up, you soft-faced dude!" ejaculated Kelso furiously. "Do ye see thet arm?" and he rolled up the sleeve of his red flannel shirt, exposing a great, hairy arm, which bristled with muscle and sinew. "If I hit ye with that you'd be a fit subject for the coroner, d'ye understand?"

If Jim Kelso thought this display of his strength would intimidate Don Winthrop he was greatly mistaken.

"I see you've been drinking," said Don, coolly, "and I prefer not to have any trouble with you; but——"

"What if I have been drinkin'? Thet's my bizness. If I go up yonder an' kick the head off'n thet gal if she won't open her face when I ask her a question, thet's my bizness, too," snarled the foreman, squirting a stream of tobacco juice within an inch of the young engineer's shoe.

"You'll find out that I'll make it my business if I hear of you doing any harm to her. Why, nobody but a brute would raise his hand against any woman, let alone a little blind girl like Nellie."

"Yah!" snarled Kelso, showing his tobacco-stained teeth like a famished hyena. "I've a mind to smash your face for you."

"I've dealt with brutes like you before, so I wouldn't advise you to try it," said the boy, with exasperating coolness.

"Blame you!" cried the man, flaring up like a flash of gun-powder and thrusting his rough fist within an inch of Don's

face. "If ye git me goin' I'll wipe the earth with ye till there won't be enough left of ye to make a respectable funeral."

"Take your hand away!" cried Don sharply, without moving a muscle.

The ruffian half complied, and then, as though ashamed of his action, he suddenly slapped the boy across the mouth, making the remark:

"Take that for——"

But he got no farther.

With a spring Don planted his fist squarely between the man's eyes, and the fellow fell back in a heap among the rocks.

In a moment he sat up and looked around in a dazed sort of way.

Then, with an oath, he sprang to his feet.

His face was distorted with passion, and blood was trickling from a cut behind his ear, where his head had come in contact with a rock.

"I'll kill you for that!" he shouted hoarsely, rushing at Don, his face convulsed with all the evil instincts of his nature.

Smash!

The boy leaped aside with the agility of a cat, and at the same time planted a swift hook under the rascal's jaw which sent his head back with a snap and rattled every tooth in his jaws.

The blow stopped him for a second; then he came at Don like a whirlwind, evidently intending to annihilate him on the spot.

But the boy, who was as cool as an iceberg, ducked with wonderful quickness, and as Kelso's fist shot past into empty air, throwing him partly off his balance, Don turned and hit him a swinging blow under the left ear, sending the brawny fellow staggering away.

No one but an adept at the science of sparring could have handled the muscular foreman with the ease and precision the young engineer displayed.

"Ye kin fight, kin ye!" gritted Jim Kelso, now thoroughly aroused to the work cut out for him. "Let me hit ye one blow, an' I'll knock it all out of you quicker'n greased lightning."

This time he came at the boy with more caution; but his blows were parried with wonderful skill, and he got a couple of smashes in the face, either of which would have floored an ordinary man. But in his case they merely stopped him for a moment.

In the mix-up which followed Don received one glancing blow, while he pummeled his opponent right and left in the face and chest.

Kelso, now bleeding from a cut on the mouth, looked like a savage as he advanced again, this time fully determined to have his revenge for the punishment he had received.

"I'll have no mercy on ye if I once git ye into my clutches!" he snarled, with a grim ferocity which boded ill for the boy unless he could keep the ruffian off.

Don again cleverly ducked a straight one aimed at his head.

Biff!

He opened a second cut on Kelso's lip.

With an oath the foreman recovered himself quickly and dealt the boy a staggering blow on the chest that sent him back a yard or two.

"Yah! Now I have ye!" roared the ruffian with a triumphant grin, following up his advantage with a blind rush and swing of his arms.

But Don was not where Kelso thought he was.

Smash! Crash!

The lad's hard knuckles rattled his jaws again, and the foreman turned fairly livid with disappointed rage.

For the next five minutes the young engineer seemed to hit the rascal where he pleased without receiving a scratch in return, though the fellow tried his prettiest to land a knockout, and took his punishment in grim silence. Kelso's countenance was battered and bloody by this time, but this was no new experience for him.

He was as fit to continue the fight as if he had never been struck.

Don, too, was in prime condition.

He scarcely seemed to be breathing out of the ordinary, in spite of his recent exertions.

But his blood was thoroughly up by this time.

He also realized that he had a hard proposition on his hands.

"I've fooled with him long enough," he muttered under his breath. "It's time I polished him off if I'm ever going to do it."

With this resolve he now assumed the aggressive and went at Kelso like a young cyclone.

This change in tactics astonished and confounded the foreman, whose defence was feeble and ineffective.

He was staggered by the swings, cuts and hooks, which seemed to strike him like lightning flashes.

Kelso, in his blind fury, tried to land an effective blow, but not one seemed to reach.

Smash!

This time Don caught him plumb in the left eye.

Thud!

The boy's left bruised his flat nose.

Biff!

Straight from the shoulder Don landed on the point of the rascal's jaw.

This was what he had been aiming for.

Jim Kelso went down like an ox under the sledge-hammer.

It was a clean knockout, and the foreman had no further interest in the proceedings.

"Well, he's got his medicine at last," said the stalwart young engineer, calmly wiping the blood from his bleeding knuckles while he looked down on his semi-conscious adversary. "And it serves you well right, you brute! Let me hear of you touching a hair of Nellie's bright little head and I'll not leave a feature on your ugly face for your wife to recognize you by!"

Thus speaking, Don turned on his heel and left the foreman lying where he had fallen, to recover at his own sweet convenience.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ALARM OVER THE TELEPHONE.

"What's the matter with your hands, Don?" asked his brother Gil, as the young engineer reappeared at the cut after more than an hour's absence.

"I met Jim Kelso and had a little argument with him. I rather guess he came in for the short end of it," replied the boy grimly.

Gil looked surprised, but said nothing further on the subject.

"The shovel seems to be doing its duty well," said Don, after watching the machine and its work for a few minutes.

"Yes, it's a dandy, all right. By the way, we came near having an accident soon after you left—one that would have delayed us a while."

"How was that?"

"One of the fishplates on the track here worked loose, and, oddly enough, the spikes that should have been placed in to hold that particular rail were found to be missing. The locomotive would have been derailed when she started ahead with the loaded cars had not Sinkey fortunately detected the trouble in time."

"It didn't strike you that this thing might have been done designedly by one of the Italians when this section of track was relaid this morning, eh?"

Gil looked at his brother in a startled way.

"Why, of course not," he said. "What put that idea into your head?"

"I believe there's a man named Mike Rossi working in this gang, isn't there?" said Don, regarding his brother intently.

"Yes. Sinkey employed him a day or two ago to replace one of the Italians who left rather suddenly and without giving notice."

"Very well. You want to have Rossi closely watched from this out."

"Do you suspect——" began Gil.

"I have information to the effect that he was sent here by Newman to do as much damage to us as he could without getting caught at it."

"Hadn't he better be discharged at once?"

"No. I have an object in keeping him. Of course he doesn't know that we're on to him, and it is probable that we shall be able to spot him at some of his funny business. It is more than likely that he is responsible for the loosening of the fishplate and the absence of the spikes."

"I'll have a talk with Sinkey on the subject," said Gil. "He's got a pretty sharp eye. There isn't much that escapes him."

"All right; I'll leave the matter with you. I'm going down to inspect what Al Boggs and his men are doing."

Soon after work stopped for the day Gil walked into the office on Main street, and found his brother clicking a letter off on the typewriter.

"Gee! I'm tired, all right," said the boy, throwing himself

on one of the leather-covered chairs with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Nothing fresh to report, I suppose?" said Don, without stopping the deft movement of his fingers, which were now puffed and swollen after the fight under the shadow of the cliff.

"No. Sinkey has got a man he can trust to keep tab on Rossi's movements during the day, while Mike Doyle, our watchman, will have an eye out for him after dark."

"That's right," nodded the real head of the firm, as he drew the finished letter out of the machine and glanced over it before affixing his signature.

"To-morrow is our first pay-day on the work, and I'm bound to say I feel encouraged with the way the job is progressing," said Gil, with a lazy smile.

"Yes, everything is running nicely," admitted Don, as he folded the letter and enclosed it in the addressed envelope. "By the way, here is a letter from the carriage company. One of their representatives will be over to-morrow to inspect the site I have offered them."

"It will be some time before it's filled in."

"That doesn't cut any ice. They want to see how far it is from the proposed freight yard. Then the vice-president is going to interview the general manager of the D. P. & Q. with reference to the laying down of a spur track into the property. They want to ship direct from the new factory to the cars."

"I guess they'll get what they want if their business justifies it."

"Well, I understand it's the biggest carriage works in the State."

"We ought to make a good thing out of that deal if it goes through."

"I can't see any reason why it shouldn't go through. It's an ideal spot for their business."

"It was a bright idea of yours to buy that ground, which did not look to be good for anything. Newman won't be pleased to hear of this little coup."

"Newman won't be pleased with a good many things before we get through with the railroad contract," said Don grimly.

"I'm sure he calculates on doing us up. He was standing at the door of his office as I came along, and he favored me with one of his sarcastic smiles that mean a heap in their way. I heard he is preparing to put in a bid on the new sewer authorized at a recent meeting of the town council."

"He's welcome to it. He needs the work, if he can get it. All I ask of him is to keep his hands off our affairs. If he should have any dirty trick brought home to him he's likely to find himself behind the bars. I'm going to take every precaution to head off any crooked work on the part of that crowd. What I gave Jim Kelso to-day is a sample of how I treat brutes of his caliber."

"By the way, you haven't told me how you came to have the mix-up with him this afternoon."

Whereupon Don told his brother the whole story of his meeting with blind Nellie, her warning of premeditated foul play on the part of the Newman crowd, Kelso's unexpected appearance on the scene, and what led up to the row.

"Such fellows as he are the scum of the earth," said Gil, "and I hope you knocked some sense into his thick head."

"I'm afraid he's a hopeless case. You can't make a silk purse out of a swine's ear. He'll never be any different than what he is, though he may haul in his horns more frequently than has been his custom."

He looks to me as if he possessed a certain low cunning which finds its best opportunity in the dark."

"He certainly won't tackle either one of us hereafter in the open. His proper habitat is the State prison, and it's a wonder to me he hasn't fetched up there long before this."

"He'll get there, if in the meantime he doesn't do something that'll put his head inside a noose."

"Do you know, Gil, that I can't get that blind girl out of my head? Strange, isn't it, that as long as she's lived down yonder with the Kelsos I should only have seen her but once before yesterday, and both occasions resulted in a muss with a member of that family."

"Why, I never seen her at all. They keep her pretty close, I guess."

"There's some mystery in it, you can take my word for it," remarked Don, nodding his head sagely.

"What sort of a girl is she?" asked his brother curiously.

"What sort?" replied Don. "Any description I might give wouldn't do her justice. You know once on a time, long ago, you and I used to speculate on the personality of the angels as we saw them in religious pictures. They seemed to be

largely of the feminine gender, as I remember it. Well, Nellie is as close a realization of what an angel is, or ought to be, as I could express the idea."

"You excite my curiosity, Don. I will certainly have to catch sight of her and see if we can agree on that point as we do on most everything else," smiled Gil.

"I'm afraid you won't find that an easy matter. The Kelsos have us marked. Besides, they'll be skittish lest the girl may hear something of the schemes they propose to put in force against the new line and find means of putting us on our guard against them."

"I dare say you're right."

"Whatever influence they bring to bear on the girl, it seems effective enough to serve their purpose. She clearly stands in great fear of them; otherwise, I'm sure she would have given them the slip long ago, since she needn't go any further than this town to find people whose sympathies would easily be enlisted in her behalf. It's a great pity she's in their clutches, and I shall not rest easy until I see if something cannot be done to break the connection."

And it was clear that Don meant every word he said.

At that moment the telephone bell rang and Don walked over to the instrument.

"Hello!" he said, putting the receiver to his ear.

"Yes," he added in reply to some question.

"What's that?" he exclaimed a moment later, in some little excitement.

"Well, do the best you can. I'll be right out," and he hung up the receiver.

"What's the matter?" asked Gil.

"One of the buildings out at the cut has caught fire," replied Don hurriedly, "and Phil Mead thinks it's liable to prove serious."

Don seized his hat and was half way across the street to the stable where he kept his horse.

CHAPTER V.

MORE TROUBLE.

A few minutes later Don was dashing down the street on his way to the scene of the reported trouble.

As soon as he cleared the town he made out a quantity of smoke rising into the air from the direction of the cut.

He put his horse to his best pace and rapidly covered the three miles which intervened.

"If this is a trick of the enemy," he muttered between his clenched lips, "there's going to be trouble for some one."

Before Don had gone half the distance the smoke, which had been quite heavy at first, began to clear away.

As there was no sign of flames the boy began to feel encouraged.

"I guess Mead and the Italians have managed to gain control of the fire in time to save the building."

And such he found to be the fact when he reached the ground.

"The laborers were at their supper when I noticed a suspicious-looking glare through one of the upper windows of the place where the men bunk," explained Mead, the man in charge of the stationary engine. "I hurried upstairs and found one of the closets all ablaze and the fire breaking out through the roof. I pitched the three hand extinguishers that hung against the wall into the closet; but there was something wrong with two of them, for only one broke, and that had but a momentary effect on the fire. I then rushed for the metal extinguisher downstairs, routing out the men and forming them into a bucket brigade on the way. As matters looked decidedly shaky, I thought I'd try and reach you over the private wire if I could. I am glad to say that the big extinguisher and the laborers, who hustled for all they were worth, put us out of danger before matters got beyond control. You'd better go up and look at it. There's a hole in the roof as big as the head of a small tank, and you might back a freight car into the upper northeast corner of the building if the hole were on the ground floor."

Don looked the damage over, and saw that it could be easily and quickly put to rights again, and he felt very much relieved to find that the trouble was no worse.

He telephoned the facts to his brother, and asked him to arrange to have a couple of carpenters and the necessary materials out at the cut the first thing in the morning.

Then he asked Mead if he had any suspicions as to how the fire started.

"No, sir; I can't say as I have."

The same question was put to Mike Doyle, the night watchman.

He shook his head.

"I have orders to keep me eye on that Rossi; but I can't be in half a dozen places at once. When the alarm was given I noticed he was eating supper with the rest of the Italians, so I don't think he had anything to do with the fire."

"Well, it's very singular," remarked Don. "I examined the remains of the closet thoroughly, and there seems to be a strong smell of kerosene mixed with the odor of burned wood. Now, there should not be any kerosene out here."

"Not a drop, sir. As ye are aware, we use signal oil altogether for the lamps, and sure that has a different smell from kerosene."

"Evidently a deliberate attempt has been made to destroy the building," said the young engineer, knitting his brows. "You'll have to keep a brighter lookout than ever. Remember to report at once the slightest suspicious movement on the part of that man Rossi. But don't let him get the idea that he's watched."

"All right, sir; ye kin depend on me."

Don then returned to Lakeview.

That night Mike Doyle found an empty can, which had undoubtedly recently held kerosene oil, in a clump of bushes fifty feet from the laborers' quarters, and he reported the fact to Gil Winthrop when he appeared at the cut in the morning, showing him the can.

"It certainly points strongly to the fire being of incendiary origin," said Gil. "But it is a poor clew to detect the rascal who brought it out here."

Everything went swimmingly for a week on the railroad job, and pay-day came around again.

Rossi was observed to be pretty thick with the men, but beyond that there was no fault to be found with him. He was constantly shadowed, for Don Winthrop had resolved to take no chances.

Most contractors would probably have got rid of the Italian on general principles, but Don had an idea that if he caught the fellow in any crooked work he might be able to frighten him into a confession, which would implicate whoever was behind the man, thus striking an effective blow at the conspirators who were working against him in the dark.

Gil paid off the men at the proper time. There were thirty-six Italians in the different gangs, and about the time he had finished all of them went in to supper as usual.

Without the slightest suspicion that anything out of the ordinary was brewing, the boy started back to town.

He put up the horse and buggy and joined his brother at the office preparatory to going home for dinner.

They had their hats on and were going out of the door, when the telephone jingled. Don, as usual, answered the call.

The news that came over the wire from Mike Doyle was that every laborer on the job had taken his bag and lit out as soon as the crowd had finished their meal.

"By Jove," exclaimed Don, in a tone of disgust, "if this isn't enough to make a man mad! This thing happens just at the moment I was preparing to put on an extra spurt."

"What's up now, Don?" asked Gil, from the doorway.

"More trouble," responded his brother.

"Anything happened to the machinery?" asked Gil, in an anxious voice.

"No, nothing of that sort."

"What, then?"

"All of our laborers have deserted us in a body."

"The dickens you say!" replied Gil.

"That's the news Doyle sends over the 'phone."

"Then we're at a complete standstill."

"That's about the size of it. Of course, this is Newman's work, and it seems to be pretty evident Rossi has engineered the break-up. Some strong inducement must have been offered the men to quit. We have treated them well, and I haven't heard a squeal from them since they went to work for us."

"We'll have to advertise for new men, of course," said Gil, with a frown.

"We'll have to get them somehow. It's lucky I engaged twenty extra men yesterday from Pittsburg. They were for the fourth gang I intended to put to work beyond the cut. I sent Joe Sinkey on to-night to meet them at Glendale. He will have a couple of wagons and fetch them over the first thing in the morning. This will give us a lift; otherwise we should have come to a dead stop."

"I forgot all about the new men," said Gil, brightening up.

"Newman won't have such a laugh on us, after all."

"Sit down a moment. I'm going to call up Pittsburg on the long-distance 'phone and order another batch of laborers,

if they are to be got offhand. If not, I'll connect with that Italian paper in New York and put in another advertisement."

"I'd give something to know what Newman is going to do with the crowd he took away from us to-night. I haven't heard that he's started any fresh job."

"He might put them to work on the road across the lake," suggested Don, while waiting for the connection to be made with Pittsburg, "and so hurry the job along."

"Well, I'll bet this low-down trick will cost him something in the way of a bonus. He'll have to make good whatever inducements Rossi held out to them, else you'll see them trooping back and begging to be taken on again."

Ten minutes later Don hung up the receiver with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Zotorello has promised to send on thirty-five additional laborers at once," he said to his brother; "so we shall not lose so very much over this wholesale desertion."

"Glad to hear it. I was afraid I wouldn't have any appetite for my dinner," said Gil, with a cheerful smile. "On the whole, I'm glad to get rid of Rossi. He's one of the slickest rascals I ever came across, and I never felt that things were exactly safe while he was about."

"He hasn't done so much harm, when you come to look at it."

"He was watched too closely for that."

"I dare say he got on to that fact, and the card he worked to-night was about the only safe trick he dared spring on us."

"And that has practically failed of the desired result."

"We shall know better about that in the morning."

And they did, for about seven the next morning, while the boys were at breakfast, a dispatch was delivered at the house from Joe Sinkey, who was in Glendale. It was to the effect that he had been arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct just as the train came in, and was locked up—evidently a put-up job to corral the new laborers and spirit them away.

"Well, that's tough," remarked Don, tossing the dispatch over to his brother. "It's plain I'll have to go to Glendale."

CHAPTER VI.

BLOCKING THE ENEMY.

Don Winthrop took the morning boat down the lake, arriving at Glendale about ten o'clock.

He found Sinkey had just been discharged for lack of evidence.

At the railroad station not one of the imported laborers from Pittsburg was in sight.

"How did it happen?" asked the young engineer of his foreman.

"I hardly know myself," explained Sinkey. "I reached here last evening about nine with the wagons, and put up at the Glendale House. I was called at 4.30, and had the wagons here waiting for the train due at 5.45. I heard the whistle of the locomotive at Parson's bridge, and walked forward to where I supposed the smoker would pull up, when without warning I was suddenly surrounded by at least a dozen men, and found myself hustled off the platform and down the street, the center of what appeared to be a free fight. Somebody fetched an officer, and the crowd scattered like magic. The policemen arrested me, in spite of my urgent protest, and I was locked up. The magistrate discharged me as soon as I was brought before him and had stated my side of the case. He also reprimanded the officer for making the arrest. There is not any doubt in my mind that the Newman crowd found out we expected the Italians, and put up the job to euchre us out of them."

Don was evidently of the same opinion.

His eyes flashed and he set his jaws together with a snap.

"Newman has scored a couple of points on me, but I'll give him all the fight he wants before I get through with him. If he imagines that he can stop me on this railroad contract and prevent me finishing it on time he's got another think coming."

"His crowd have got away with the men, all right," said Sinkey, dejectedly.

"I'm going to find out where they've gone," answered Don, in a determined tone. "I don't propose to stand for it if I can help it."

He questioned the two drivers who had come over from Lakeview with Joe Sinkey. They were hanging around the station awaiting developments.

"Quite a crowd of men got off on the platform as soon as the train came in," spoke up one of the drivers. "They stood around chattering and gesticulating like a lot of cats in a strange garret. Miggs and me, of course, looked for Sinkey to round them up and load 'em aboard the teams. But the

first thing we knew three or four chaps came up, spoke to 'em in their own lingo, and started them in a procession down the track as soon as the train pulled out. That's the last we've seen of 'em."

"In what direction?" asked Don.

"That way," and the driver waved his hand toward the north end of the lake.

The young engineer thought a moment; then he got busy.

"You're acquainted in Glendale," he said to the foreman.

"I suppose you could drum up half a dozen stout chaps who wouldn't mind a little strenuous exercise if well paid for it?"

"I can get 'em in ten minutes," replied Sinkey.

"Do so, then."

Within a quarter of an hour Joe returned with seven stalwart fellows.

He lined them up before his boss, who made them an offer for their services, and explained to them what might be expected of them in an emergency.

They accepted Don's proposition with alacrity.

"Get aboard these wagons, then," ordered the boy tersely.

They obeyed like a lot of young colts.

Don joined the driver of the leading vehicle and directed him to move down the road beside the track at a lively gait.

"They have four hours the start of us, and will probably have reached their destination before we can catch up with them. All the same, there will be something doing, if I can locate them, even if I have to go into the midst of the enemy's camp," said he.

A long, dusty ride of two hours followed, with nothing to vary the monotony of the trip.

Then a sudden turn in the road brought them unexpectedly into the presence of a score of Italian laborers squatted in the shade of a line of trees.

Five men, not Italians, were gathered in a knot a little distance away, talking and smoking, while a whisky flask passed from mouth to mouth.

Apparently the five were feeling uncommonly good.

"Those are our men for a nickel!" said Don, turning in his seat and shouting back to Sinkey.

"They look like the fellows I saw on the platform," nodded the driver. "But I am not sure, for all Italians look alike to me."

All hands prepared for action, and as the wagons drew up before the outfit under the trees Sinkey's boys tumbled out into the road and awaited orders.

"Hello! What's all this mean?" demanded the leader of the party, as Don stepped down from his perch beside the driver.

He knew well enough what it meant without asking, but of course he and his associates were prepared to resist the efforts of the young engineer to recover his imported laborers.

"I came after these men," replied Don, curtly, "and I'm going to take them back to Glendale with me."

"You are like fun!" returned the man, insolently.

"Well, you heard what I said," said Don, with fire in his eyes. "These Italians came down here to work on the railroad. I hired them in Pittsburgh. You and your pals were sent to Glendale to steal them away, and you succeeded, after a fashion. Now I propose to recover them. Peaceably, if I can—by force if necessary."

"You can't bulldoze me in that fashion!" snorted the leader of the opposition.

Then he rushed to the Italians, but found Sinkey talking to the men in their native language.

The foreigners were all on their feet, jabbering like a tree full of monkeys. They stared awkwardly about, not in the least comprehending the situation.

Sinkey, however, was bringing order out of chaos, when the other leader interfered and brought his own Italian lingo into play.

Sinkey ordered the laborers to get into the wagons, and some of them started to obey.

Evidently they were tired of walking, and a ride had its allurements.

More followed, in spite of the protests of the opposition, and things seemed to be going Don's way.

This angered the Irishman who was the emissary of Andrew Newman, and he suddenly struck Sinkey and knocked him down.

Joe jumped to his feet and went for him.

The others came up to help their companion. Don's seven supporters headed them off, and a general mix-up ensued, to the amusement of the laborers, all of whom had now obtained points of vantage on the wagons.

The scrap was not of long duration, for the Newman crowd were clearly outgeneraled and outnumbered.

"You haven't heard the last of this!" roared the man who headed the opposition bunch, shaking his fist at Don Winthrop when his adherents gave up the fight.

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," replied the boy, sententiously. "I know you're Mike Mullen, Andrew Newman's foreman on the road work, and I want you to tell your boss that if he continues to look for trouble in our direction he'll get into it, right up to his neck."

With these words he mounted beside the driver of the first team.

"Yah!" snarled Mullen, picking up a stone and making a motion to fling it at the young engineer.

Don was down in an instant.

He walked straight up to the fellow, and looking him in the eye, said:

"Maybe you've heard how I treated your friend Jim Kelso last week. That's how I deal with scum of your sort. Do you understand? Put down that stone, or I won't leave a whole bone in your body!"

Mullen drew back, thoroughly cowed.

He had not heard anything about Kelso being knocked out by Don.

Jim was not such a fool as to spread the news about.

But Newman's confidential foreman bore signs, too evident to be mistaken, of having been through a serious scrap with somebody; and Mullen had heard more than one say that Don Winthrop was a scientific slugger of no mean order.

Where he would have called one of his own set a liar on the spot, he accepted the boy's statement without question.

If this young engineer could whip Jim Kelso, he knew better than to invite a scrap on his own account.

So he turned on his heel with a smothered oath, and motioning to his companions, the crowd started off down the road.

Then Don remounted the wagon, and the victorious party drove off in the direction of Glendale, where they arrived in time to catch the three o'clock boat for Lakeview.

CHAPTER VII.

STRUCK DOWN.

Work was resumed next morning at the cut, and, in a small way, all along the line.

Don had already been advised that thirty-five laborers had left Pittsburgh en route for Lakeview. This time he determined to take no chances with them, so he went over to Glendale by boat and took an early afternoon train for Fairfax, where he expected to connect with the train carrying the Italians.

On reaching Fairfax he found he had nearly an hour to wait for the train on which he had been advised that the Italians would come.

He noticed a man in a light suit talking to the station agent.

He was not a pleasant-looking man, and in the light of what had happened to his other consignment of laborers, Don suspected that the fellow was there for no good purpose, probably to intercept the gang of Italians he was waiting for himself.

Whether or not that was his mission, the boy determined to keep an eye out for trouble.

After taking a good look at the man, so he'd know him again, Don decided to kill time by inspecting the steel trestle-work bridge which spanned the river on the outskirts of the town.

He had heard that it was a mighty well-built bridge, just wide enough to carry a double track, and as he was interested in everything connected with the building of railroad lines, he was glad of the present chance to look it over.

So he started off along the tracks toward the river.

The stranger, who had been covertly watching him, broke away from the agent and followed him.

Don did not observe this action of his, for he was not expecting anything of the kind.

The man did not try to overtake him, but kept a certain distance between them, as if he merely wished to find out why the boy was walking out toward the bridge.

Don did not look behind, and in fifteen minutes reached the bridge.

After carefully inspecting that end of it, he walked out on the rails, not aware that an express, which did not stop at Fairfax, was due to pass the bridge in a few minutes.

Although there was no reason why he need be run down, even if caught on the middle of the bridge, as he could step

to the other track if he was walking on the ties over which the express would dash, still it was no pleasant thing to be exposed to the wind and suction of a train going at a fifty-mile clip.

When he started across the trestle the stranger began to close up the space between them.

Don had reached the middle of the bridge when he saw the man coming.

He recognized him as the party he had seen at the station.

"I wonder if he's up to any mischief?" thought the boy.

He stopped to let the chap go by, but instead of doing so the fellow halted beside him.

"Your name is Don Winthrop?" he said, abruptly.

"Yes," replied the young contractor.

"You have come to Fairfax to meet a bunch of Italians you expect from Pittsburgh?"

"How do you know that?" said Don.

"That's my business. You won't meet them."

"No? Who will stop me?"

"I will," replied the man just as the shrill whistle of the express sounded a short way off.

The whistle startled Don and he turned around.

The rascal grabbed the boy and flung himself from the trestle.

With a mighty roar the train rushed over the spot both had been occupying a moment before.

Down plunged the young contractor and his foe toward the river below.

Don's legs caught in the steel brace half-way down and his flight was arrested, but the man lost his grip on the boy's arm and fell into the river, which carried him under the bridge and out of sight.

Don lost no time in swinging himself upon the brace, and straddling it.

He looked for the man and saw him buffeting with the river a hundred feet away.

He was swimming for the opposite bank, with every chance of reaching it.

It was easy for Don to climb up to the rails, and paying no further attention to the fellow he started back for the station.

He saw no more of him.

Half an hour later the Pittsburgh train stopped at Fairfax.

Don boarded it and found the Italians in the smoking-car.

Don alternated between the platform and a seat near the door.

He had to keep on the watch, as the train, which was a local, made frequent stops. He could not tell but another agent of Andrew Newman might make his appearance at any moment and try to coax the laborers to light out for parts unknown.

However, nothing of that kind occurred during the run to Glendale, and so Don got his men aboard the steamer and up to Lakeview all right.

And now work progressed with more rapidity than ever before.

During the ensuing month great progress was made at the cut and along the road between that point and Lakeview.

A new gang was put to work under a man named Farrell. They were grading the line between the upper end of the spur of the hill and the cliff where the tunnel was to be bored.

Everything was running smoothly, and Don had begun to hope that Newman had finally concluded to keep his hands off.

"Nothing like handling men of his stamp without gloves," he said to his brother one day, when he felt in a particularly happy frame of mind over the situation.

"That's right," agreed Gil, with a boyish grin.

"Mr. Harley seems perfectly satisfied with the work as far as it has gone," said Don, in a contented tone.

Mr. Harley was the engineer in charge of the D. P. & Q., and he had just been over that part of the line under construction.

Don had all his carts at work, either clearing the land between the right-of-way boundaries or carting the waste excavation taken out above where the shovel was employed in the cut. Trees and brush had to be cut close to the surface of the ground and then burned or otherwise disposed of. The excavated soil was taken down to the lake and dumped in the spot where the boys proposed to build their summer hotel.

"Next week," Don went on, "I'll have the drills down here, and we'll make a beginning on the cliff rock."

Gil nodded, as the idea struck him favorably. He liked to see things humming at all points.

"How about the factory people and the carriage site? We are filling in the ground fast now, and it is beginning to look something like a plot. I thought the vice-president was coming over this morning?"

"Didn't I mention the fact to you? No? Well, he was at the office at eleven o'clock, according to appointment. He handed me a check for \$500 and took a sixty-day option on the property. It's practically a sale. We paid only \$800 for the ground as it then stood. Our profit will be over \$4,000, and we shall not have held it over four months at the 'outside.'"

Gil's eyes sparkled.

"All things come to those who have long heads—meaning you, for I never would have thought of that scheme."

"Well, it's all in the firm, Gil," replied Don, patting his brother affectionately on the back. "By the way, have you managed to catch sight of Nellie yet?"

Gil shook his head.

"No; I was on the top of the cliff this morning, within a stone's throw of the Kelso cottage, but she was not to be seen."

"I guessed as much," said his brother, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "But I must say I am disappointed. I wanted to hear how she was doing. I don't trust Jim Kelso for a red cent. He's capable of a whole lot of villainy."

"A woman, whom I judged to be Mrs. Kelso, piped me off, all right. She's got a face that would turn milk sour on sight."

"I dare say she's well worthy of Jim. It makes my blood boil to think that poor girl is under the thumb of such a couple—not to speak of Jerry, who is capable of browbeating the life out of her."

"It certainly is a shame," admitted Gil; "but I don't see that we have any right to interfere."

"That remains to be seen. I've taken an interest in that girl, and I don't propose to see her abused if I can help it," said Don, in a decided tone.

Gil said no more on the subject.

He felt sorry for the girl, as he might have felt for any one whom he believed to be entitled to his sympathy; but he did not have the same interest in her that Don had.

"Well, I've got some directions to give Farrell," said Don, preparing to mount his horse. "I'll see you on my way back."

"You had better hurry, then, for it looks like rain."

"Pooh! A little water won't hurt me," laughed the boy, as he gave his animal the rein.

There was a trail running around the spur of the hill through which the cut was being excavated.

This came close to the margin of the lake at one spot, and then made a detour along the base of the hills in the direction of the cliff.

Don cantered along without paying any attention to the ominous appearance of the heavens, which threatened a good shower, if not worse.

To say the truth, he was thinking of blind Nellie.

He was wondering how things were going with her since the day he knocked Jim Kelso out under the cliff.

The boy was far more interested in the beautiful and unfortunate girl than he was willing to admit to himself.

As he approached the curve in the trail near the lake it began to rain a bit.

This aroused him, and he urged his animal to a more rapid pace.

The clouds seemed to be closing in on the landscape, which took on a particularly dreary aspect.

There was nothing to be seen but the leaden-colored water on the one side. The brush-covered hills were on the other, the white face of the cliff coming into view in the distance.

Don observed a stout boat drawn in close to the shore, and was somewhat surprised to see it there.

The rain continued to fall at intervals until he came up with Farrell and his gang.

A string of carts were plodding to and coming back from the lake shore.

Farrell came up as soon as he saw him.

"Let me have your plan," said Don, alighting from his horse.

The foreman took it from his pocket.

"There's going to be some change here," said the boy, indicating the spot on the blue print. "Mr. Harley was speaking to me about it a while ago. The culvert over that little

stream will go here, instead of there. The course of the waterway seems to have been altered a bit by the late spring rains, and we have to provide for that by running the embankment a yard or so to the right. See?"

"I understand, sir."

"I'm going to send you a dozen more men to-morrow to push this thing along, for I'm going to get at the cliff right away. Some of the men who deserted us a month ago have applied for work, and I'm going to take them on. The steam drills and the boiler will be brought up by the end of the week."

"All right, sir."

Don spent three-quarters of an hour with Farrell, by which time it was beginning to grow dark.

"I'll be out here some time in the morning," said the young engineer, as he rode off, taking the trail back the way he came.

The rain, which had held off during his stay with the upper gang, now began to come down in earnest.

"It's plain that I'll be soaked before I get back to the cut," soliloquized Don.

He put the spurs to his horse and galloped along at a good pace.

As the animal was taking the turn at the point nearest to the lake he suddenly shied, almost throwing the boy.

"Whoa, Prince!" he exclaimed, soothingly. "What's the matter, old boy?"

Then somebody sprang out of the gloom and seized the horse by the bridle.

Two Italians appeared on the other side and grabbed hold of Don.

"Hello! What's this?" he exclaimed, striking at one with his short whip.

Something very like a big stone struck him on the head from behind, and he fell forward on his horse's neck unconscious.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE QUARRY ON JUMBO ISLAND.

Don Winthrop was roughly pulled out of the saddle, and while one of his assailants held up his limp form another tied his hands behind his back.

Then he was carried down to the water's edge and lifted into a boat which lay there. His horse was turned loose.

There were three men, two of whom were Italians, and a stout boy in the party.

All embarked without delay, and the small craft was pushed off and headed out into the lake.

"I reckon I've got him dead to rights at last," said the coarse voice of Jim Kelso from the stern of the boat.

"That's what you have, dad," sneered his estimable son Jerry, who sat straddle-legged above the unconscious prisoner.

"You fixa him all right dissa time," spoke up one of the rowers, Tony Gulla by name, who was a sort of under-foreman in Andrew Newman's employ.

"You kin jest bet I will," replied Kelso, with an oath. "When I get through with him his name will be mud."

"You maka him eata da humble pie, eh?" grinned Gulla.

Kelso made no answer to this, and for a while nothing was heard but the rumble of the oars in the locks and the swish of the rain as it was driven against their unprotected persons by the wind.

"Say, dad," chipped in Jerry, at last, "do I get a whack at him? I owe him one for the knockdown he gave me a while back."

"Don't you worry," growled his father; "he'll get all that's coming to him, and more, too!"

The young ruffian grinned, and as a foretaste of what he meant to do when he got the chance he gave the senseless prisoner a sly kick in the ribs.

There was a small island not far from the opposite shore of the lake, and the boat was being pulled toward it.

Don recovered his senses about the time the craft grated its keel on the shingly beach.

One of the Italians, who bore a strong resemblance to Mike Rossi, stepped into the water and pushed the boat further in, and then the party disembarked.

As Jim Kelso and Tony Gulla caught the young contractor by his pinioned arms to drag him out of the boat the boy sat up and gazed around him in a puzzled sort of way.

"You've come to, have ye?" growled the foreman. "Then I reckon ye kin walk some, and save us the trouble of carryin' ye."

They yanked the boy to his feet without ceremony and forced him ashore.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Don, beginning to realize that something was decidedly wrong in his affairs.

"Ye'll know in good time, Mr. Winthrop," said Kelso, mockingly.

"So it's you, Jim Kelso, is it?" ejaculated Don, in some surprise.

"It's me, all right," replied the man, in an unpleasant tone. "Mebbe yer glad ter see me, and then, ag'in, mebbe ye ain't."

"Look here, Jim Kelso! If this is some trick of yours or Mr. Newman's, let me tell you you're making a grave mistake. You ought to know by this time that I'm not one that will stand for any monkey business."

"What are ye goin' ter do about it?" sneered the foreman, malevolently.

"Well, for one thing, I'll have you in jail. You'll pay dearly for this outrage, let me tell you. And if your employer is at the back of this affair, as I more than half suspect, he won't find it easy to avoid the responsibility."

"Yah!" exclaimed Kelso savagely, releasing Don's arm and hitting the boy a clout in the face with the flat of his leathery hand that sent him staggering against the Italian Gulla. "Take that for yer answer, blame ye!"

It was a cowardly blow, and Don's eyes flashed fire as he recovered himself.

He wrenched himself free from Gulla's clutches, and, bound as he was, he walked up to Kelso. The man shrank back instinctively, as if he expected a blow.

"I shall not forget that, Jim Kelso," the boy said, with suppressed anger. "It's well for you that you took the precaution to tie my hands before you dared offer me such an indignity. But, remember, I'll make it my business to bring you down on your knees for that blow. You haven't forgotten your experience under the cliff, I'll warrant. I pity you the next time I get you within reach of my hands. You'll be glad to go to jail after it's over."

It was too dark for Jim Kelso to see the expression on the young contractor's face, but he felt that the boy meant it, just the same.

"Ye'll never git ther chance ter git back at me, Mr. Winthrop," he blurted out. "We didn't take all the trouble of fetchin' you over here just for the fun of the thing. Ye've built all of that there railroad ye're goin' ter."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Don, for the first time beginning to look at his abduction in a serious light.

"Never you mind what I mean. You'll find that out by and by," retorted Kelso, significantly. "Fetch him along, Gulla," and once more he grasped Don by his bound arm, and with the aid of his confederate hurried him toward the interior of the island.

Don began to feel somewhat apprehensive as to how this adventure was going to end.

The sinister conduct of his captors was far from reassuring.

Were they planning to murder him and conceal his body somewhere in this lonely locality, which he believed was a deserted part of the farther shore, where he knew a crime might easily be committed and all traces of it screened from public observation?

It had not occurred to him that he had been brought to the island where the stone quarries were located, and with whose situation he naturally was familiar.

The island was owned by Andrew Newman, and it was from these quarries he obtained the broken stone he used in building the public roads, of which work he had long enjoyed a monopoly.

Don's thoughts were decidedly unpleasant ones.

He believed Jim Kelso was capable of any desperate crime when his worst passions were aroused.

And he judged that the ruffian hungered to get square with him for the beating he had administered to him under the cliff.

It was extremely galling to his proud nature to be pushed and hauled about by a couple of low-browed rascals like the men who had hold of him.

Determined to foil them if he could, he tried to work his hands so as to loosen the rope which held his wrists.

But he soon found this unavailing.

Then, suddenly and without warning, he broke away from Kelso and Gulla, butting Jim in the chest with his head and flooring him.

He then dashed past Jerry and the other two, with the intention of trying to lose them in the darkness.

But the gang was at his heels in short order and, handi-

capped as he was by his pinioned arms, he could not bring his full powers into play. Therefore it was not many moments before he was tripped up and his flight arrested.

"So ye thought ye'd try and give us the slip, eh?" cried Kelso, with a brutal laugh, when he came up. "Just as if ye could, consarn ye!" and he gave the fallen boy a kick in the ribs with the toe of his thick boots.

Tony Gulla and Mike Rossi helped the young engineer to his feet.

At the command of their leader they started ahead again with the prisoner, while Jim Kelso and his son closed in behind.

The party proceeded in absolute silence until they arrived at the opening to one of the quarries.

This was not being worked at the time. A rough shanty had been built in the center of the excavation.

Kelso kicked the door open and all hands entered.

The building consisted of only one room, about eight feet square with a window.

The walls were quite bare and unfinished; the window had no sash, being a mere opening five feet or so from the floor, the latter being formed of rough, two-inch plank.

The furnishing consisted of a stove, the pipe from which projected straight through the roof, a rude table and perhaps half a dozen stools.

Jerry went to a shelf, found a bit of candle, and lit it.

"Take da seat; you feela much bet'," said Gulla, pushing Don toward one of the stools.

Although the boy resented the way in which the request was given, he saw no reason for refusing to accept it, so he sat down.

Jerry and the two Italians also selected stools, and everything seemed to hinge on the action of Jim Kelso, who was clearly bossing the job.

CHAPTER IX.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

"I might as well tell you that Newman hasn't any hand in these proceedings," began Jim Kelso, seating himself on the corner of the table and eyeing his victim with undisguised satisfaction.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Don Winthrop. "I'd hate to think that a man in his position would so degrade himself as to connive with such scum as yourself and your crowd in such a dirty trick."

"Don't fool yerself. He's got it in for ye good and hard for stealing that railroad contract away from him. But this here affair is a personal matter between ye an' me, that's all. The boss won't make no kick if he should happen to find out how I disposed of ye. Though I don't reckon he'll ever find out."

His words conveyed a sinister threat, and Don winced in spite of himself.

"What do you propose to do with me?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"I intend to have satisfaction for the score I owe ye," answered Kelso, with savage earnestness.

"I didn't give you any more than you deserved," said the boy, fearlessly.

"Yah!" snarled the ruffian, impatiently. "You did what no man ever done before—ye put me down and out with that blamed science of yours. I hate ye for it, and I mean to do ye up in a way that'll settle all arguments on the subject hereafter."

"You mean you've brought me over here to take it out of me with my hands tied so I can't defend myself. It's what I might expect from such as you."

"No, I don't mean no sich thing. I mean to make ye sweat in another way. Ye'll have jest long enough to say yer prayers before ye're wiped out for good an' all—do ye understand?"

"Do you intend to murder me?"

"Ye kin call it what ye like—I call it a short shift inter ther next world," and the foreman glared vindictively at him.

"I suppose you know the consequences of such a crime?" said the boy, as coolly as could be expected under the circumstances.

"I don't keer nothin' about no consequences. I don't reckon there'll be any. None of us is goin' to lay his hands on ye. An accident will happen, that's all."

"An accident?" repeated the boy.

"That's what. You're in the disused quarry on Jumbo Island. When the men knocked off work to-day there was

one can of nitro-glycerine left in the dynamite safe. I'm goin' to fetch that over here as company for ye after we leave. If it should happen to take a notion to go off by itself, why, ye'd go off with it, thet's all," and the rascal grinned sardonically.

Don thought he saw through the fiendish scheme, and it made him shudder.

It was as cold-blooded a crime as could well be imagined.

"So ye see the consequences ye spoke about don't amount to nothin'. Ye'll be missed, thet's all. The papers'll have an account about an explosion at the quarry on Jumbo Island that blowed a shack of a house to little bits. Newman'll come over and look the matter up to see who's ter blame. And I reckon thet's all there'll be to it."

"And you're going to take my life this way simply because I whipped you in a fair, stand-up fight?" and the boy's lips curled contemptuously.

"Yes, and because ye've been tryin' ter get the inside track with that there gal of mine, Nellie. She ain't the same as she was afore she come to know ye. Ye've changed her—do ye understand—and that's one good reason why I intend to be rid of ye," and Jim Kelso showed his teeth with all the ferocity of a wild beast.

"You're a coward and a cur, Jim Kelso. Mark my words, the day will come when you'll wish that this night's work was blotted from your memory."

"Don't ye believe it, Mr. Winthrop. I shan't never feel sorry for wipin' ye off ther earth."

With these words he slipped off the table and walked out the door.

He was gone a short time.

When he returned he had a hammer, a small steel hook, and several yards of stout cord.

He mounted the table, drove the hook into the ceiling, and then tried it to see if it was firm.

"Fetch me a good-sized rock," he said to his son, as he passed the cord over the hook.

Jerry went outside and hunted up one which weighed about forty pounds.

Jim tied one end of the cord securely about it, pulled it up to the ceiling, and securing the other end of the cord to a hook in the wall an inch or so above a small shelf, left the stone to dangle in the air.

Don watched this performance with some curiosity.

What did it mean?

Kelso then held a whispered confab with the Italians.

Then the three came over to the young engineer, seized him and bound him down on top of the table.

While they were doing this Jerry brought in a flat stone and placed it directly under the rock which hung above.

The table with the prisoner was turned on its side, and Don's body brought close to the flat stone.

All hands then left the building, and when the sounds of their footsteps died away in the distance there was absolute silence in and around the shanty, the rain having ceased entirely.

Don turned his gaze at the hanging rock, then down at the flat rock, and then at the end of the cord, alongside of which Kelso had placed the three-inch piece of candle.

Whatever infernal arrangement this was he could not understand it.

If it was intended that the rock should fall in some way he could not see what damage that would do, beyond giving him a shake-up.

Was this, after all, some practical joke on Jim Kelso's part?

Did he imagine such a clumsy contrivance would create a mysterious fear in the young contractor's breast?

Don almost smiled at such an idea.

But hark! He heard footsteps again outside.

Presently Jim Kelso entered the building, carrying with the utmost care a can which the boy instantly recognized as a receptacle for nitro-glycerine.

Instantly the meaning of all these preparations flashed through his brain, and the blood fairly congealed around his heart.

The devilish ingenuity of the man was appalling.

He placed the can softly on the floor, and after a glance at the candle on the shelf he spoke.

"Ye've been long enough in the business ter recognize what this can contains," he said, with a horrid grin at Don. "I'm going to place it on that flat stone within a foot of yer head—see? Ye'll have half an hour or so ter live, Mr. Winthrop. By keepin' yer eye on that candle ye kin count yer span of life. As soon as the flame touches the cord it'll begin to

burn it. The weakenin' of mebbe a single strand will be enough to cause the weight of that hangin' stone to snap it short off. What then? I reckon I don't need ter tell an educated feller like ye what'll take place when the rock hits the can of nitro-glycerine."

"You're a fiend!" cried Don, the sweat gathering in big drops on his forehead.

"I see ye're beginnin' ter wilt already," snickered the man.

"That's where you're mistaken, Jim Kelso. I may have to die, but you'll never be able to say under any circumstances that I took water from such a reptile as you."

"Yah! I might have given ye a chance for yer life, but now——"

"That's a lie, and you know it! You never intended to give me half a chance."

"That's right, drat ye. I didn't. I hate ye so that I'd like to brain ye with a rock, if this wasn't more certain and 'll leave no trace behind."

The foreman, fairly livid with passion, shook his clenched fist at the pinioned boy.

"And now good-night to ye. Here's yer through ticket ter perdition, with no stop-over checks."

Thus speaking, Jim Kelso cautiously placed the can of nitro-glycerine on the flat rock, and then quickly retreated to the door.

"Better begin' sayin' yer prayers, Mr. Winthrop," he said, sneeringly, as he stood with one foot on the sill. "There ain't more'n half an inch of candle between ye and ther nitro-glycerine."

Then he vanished into the darkness and the night, and Don heard the crunching of his thick boots on the gravel grow fainter and fainter, till at last the sound died away in the distance.

Don Winthrop, the young contractor, was left alone with death!

CHAPTER X.

SAVED BY LOVE.

"Must I die like this?" groaned Don, as he strained un-availingly at the rope which held him with the grip of a vise to the table.

Then his eyes rested with a kind of fascination upon the sealed can of nitro-glycerine which stood within a foot of his face.

The contents of that can would easily blow the building and everything it contained to small fragments.

And Don began to wonder if, after all, that would not be an easy death.

"I'll never know what hit me, at any rate. It will be all over in a flash."

Just the same, the very idea of such a death was truly horrible.

It aroused him to make a fresh effort to free himself, which proved just as ineffectual as the other.

Jim Kelso and the Italians had done their work only too well.

Already ten minutes of the fateful half hour estimated by Kelso as representing his span of life had passed away.

Don glanced at the candle on the shelf, which was leaning slightly against the cord, and saw with a shudder that the flame had drawn perceptibly nearer the strands, the severance of which meant the end of all things, as far as he was concerned.

Outside the clouds had gone into the northwest and the full moon was out in all its glory.

At this moment it was rising above the summit of the quarry, and its rays began to shine in at the open window, bathing the boy's head and shoulders in a flood of light.

Suddenly Don thought he heard the sound of a light foot-step without.

The tension of the situation had made his hearing unusually acute.

He listened with a desperate eagerness, mingled with a thrill of hope.

The sound was repeated, this time nearer.

The silence had hitherto been so profound that there could be no mistake but that something or some one was moving about the quarry.

Summoning all his energies, Don shouted:

"Help! Help!"

Instantly there was a quick pattering on the gravel and

then the slight noise of something striking against the outside of the building.

"Help! Help!" repeated the young engineer, with a fearful glance up at the burning candle and the cord on which his life hung.

Almost instantly a shadow cut off the ray of moonlight shining in at the door, and a soft voice which the boy readily recognized called out:

"Don Winthrop, are you in there?"

"Heavens!" gasped Don. "It is Nellie!"

"Don—Don Winthrop!"

"Quick, Nellie!" cried the boy, almost sharply. "If you would save my life, come to me here. Follow the sound of my voice."

The blind girl entered the room and came toward him as straight as a die.

Don watched every step she took with the greatest of anxiety.

"Stop were you are!" he called peremptorily.

The girl stopped as ordered.

"Advance one step more," he said quickly.

She obeyed.

"Kneel down!" he ordered.

She did so.

"Stretch out your right hand slowly—that's right. Move it to the left till you feel a can that's standing there. Grasp it by the handle and draw it toward you gently. For heaven's sake, don't let it jar against that rock, or even the boards of the floor—it contains nitro-glycerine."

"I know it," said the girl, calmly.

"You know it!" gasped Don, in astonishment.

"Yes," she replied, simply. "And I know there is a rock suspended from the ceiling above by a cord, that the cord is attached to the wall, and that there is a lighted candle beside it. Am I not right?"

"You are; but how in the name of all that's wonderful can you tell these things, for you certainly cannot see them, unless you have recovered your sight in some miraculous manner."

"No, I cannot see them; but I know about them just the same. I'm going to take this can outside," she said, rising to her feet and turning around. "Do I face toward the door?"

"Almost. Just a shade to the right. Now be careful and don't strike the can against the doorjamb. Go slowly. I am quite safe now. The rock may fail, but I need fear only its flying fragments."

Nellie, with a precision that was truly marvelous, carried the can of deadly explosive outside of the shanty and then returned.

The candle flame was now flickering close to the cord.

"Put your left hand on the wall, Nellie," directed the young contractor. "Now walk quickly along till I say 'stop.'"

She followed his order to the letter, and came to a halt within reach of the shelf.

"Raise your hand higher, and you will feel a shelf. Right. Remove the candle you find there."

The flame blew across the cord as she took the candle away.

"Now come here," he said, and she obeyed him, holding the lighted candle in her hand.

"I am securely tied to a table which has been turned on its side. Unless you have a knife you must burn the cord which holds me to the table."

"I have not a knife," she said, as she extended her disengaged hand and felt for the rope, which had been passed a number of times around Don's body.

Then she carefully brought the flame of the candle to bear on the strands of the thin rope, and having severed the line in one place, she dexterously managed to release the boy from his bonds, and he rolled over on his face.

"My hands are tied separately," he said.

Once more she brought the candle's flame to bear on the rope, which she burned through without so much as scorching his skin.

Don then shook himself free of his fetters, and rising to his knees, flung his arms about the blind girl and pressed her to his breast.

"Nellie, it is over! You have saved my life!"

The girl's head fell upon his shoulder, and she hung a limp, dead weight in his arms.

He looked into her face.

It was as pale as marble and her eyes were closed.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "She has fainted!"

CHAPTER XI.

SEALED LIPS.

Springing to his feet and taking Nellie in his arms, Don hurried outside.

He soon found a pool of rain water, with which he began to bathe the girl's face copiously, while he alternately chafed her hands and wrists.

This rude method of bringing an unconscious person to their senses fortunately speedily prevailed in this instance, and Nellie opened her eyes.

"Don Winthrop," she murmured.

"Yes, Nellie!"

"You are safe, are you not?" she said, eagerly.

"Yes, thanks to you. Now you must tell me how you came to be here on Jumbo Island, a mile from the cliff where you live. I cannot understand how a blind girl like you could reach this spot all by yourself. And it looks to me as if you knew I was in trouble, and that you came over to aid me."

"Yes," she said, with a shudder. "I had reason to believe your life was in danger. I overheard Mr. Kelso and two Italians, named Gulla and Rossi, plan to cut you off this afternoon when you came out to the men you have at the side of the hill where you're making the cut. Your movements have been watched for days. They had a boat in waiting to take you to the island after dark. I heard Mr. Kelso tell the others how he meant to rig the nitro-glycerine trap so as to add acute torture to your last hours, while at the same time this would remove every trace of the terrible crime they contemplated."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Don.

"No one could ever guess what I have suffered since this awful scheme impressed itself upon my mind. I was locked in my room—indeed, I have not been allowed to leave the house since that afternoon Mr. Kelso discovered us together at the foot of the cliff."

"Did the rascal dare ill-treat you on his return to the cottage that day?"

"He swore at and threatened me, and ordered Mother Kelso to lock me up and never let me out of her sight when I was not in my room."

"Thank goodness, he's abused you for the last time. This job will place him, as well as his confederates, including his precious son, where they won't be able to trouble the community for some time to come. Go on, Nellie."

"This afternoon was selected because it was gloomy and threatened rain. Mr. Kelso said it would just suit his purpose. At four o'clock Gulla, who had been on the watch somewhere along the path which runs around the hills near the lake, came to the cottage and told Mr. Kelso that you had come out, and was talking to the foreman of the gang of workmen. The three men, accompanied by Jerry, immediately left the house, and then I knew you were in great danger. As it became darker and started to rain, I grew desperate at the thought of the peril you were facing. I believe it was largely because of the interest you had shown in me that Mr. Kelso had come to hate you. It was impossible for me to get out of the room by way of the door. Even had I been able to do that, I should have been caught by Mother Kelso. At last I could stand the strain no longer. I opened the window and managed to push myself through, dropping to the ground. I then made my way to the foot of the cliff, clambered over the rocks on the edge of the lake, and ran as fast as I could to the house of Widow Meiggs, who lives on the lake shore nearly a mile from the cliff. I knew she owned a boat and was friendly to me. She readily agreed to let her son row me over to this island when I explained that it was of the utmost importance. The chance that Mr. Kelso and his companions were perhaps on the island at the moment of our arrival was a risk I had to face. I could only depend on Willie's watchfulness and my own sense of hearing. Willie guided me to the quarries. I tried this one first, leaving him at the entrance to watch."

"I shudder to think that you might have come just in time to share my fate. Do you realize the awful risk you ran to save me? Do you understand that the matter of ten minutes would have made all the difference in the world? Such courage as you, a mere girl, and blind at that, have exhibited fairly staggers me. And I am almost a stranger to you."

"No, not a stranger," she said, placing her hand on his arm. "Don't say that," she added, with an earnestness almost mournful in its intensity. "Have you not brought all this trouble on yourself because you interfered in my behalf? I

would rather have died here with you than not have made this effort to defeat the terrible purpose of those wicked men."

"Nellie," said Don, with great emotion, "what you have done for me to-night is quite beyond me ever to repay. You have won my lifelong gratitude, as well as that of my mother and brother. You shall come to my mother's house and live with us."

"I cannot," she cried, with a little cry of despair.

"Cannot! What do you mean? Don't you know that this attempted crime on the part of Jim Kelso will land both him and his son in the State prison for a long term? As to Mother Kelso, as you call her, you surely would not wish to return and experience further abuse at her hands?"

Nellie buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"I must go back," she said, piteously. "I must."

Don looked at her in astonishment.

"Look here, Nellie; what's at the bottom of your connection with these Kelsos?"

"Please don't ask me," she replied, pleadingly.

"But I want to know," he insisted. "If ever a girl needed a good friend and protector I think you do at this moment. You have just saved my life, and the least I can do in return is to save you from the influences which have hitherto surrounded you. With Jim Kelso and his son out of the way, what have you to fear? Mrs. Kelso could not make you return to her against your will. My mother, my brother and myself will protect you against any harm or trouble if you will only make your home with us in the future."

"I am very grateful to you, Don Winthrop," she answered. "It would make me very happy if I could accept your offer; but—"

"But what?" asked the young engineer impatiently as she paused.

"I cannot. I must go back to Mother Kelso, no matter what happens to Mr. Kelso."

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes, which had no sign of blindness in them, to his face, and her lips quivered.

"I must not," she answered, in a tone which left him no hope of unraveling through her the secret which he could not fathom.

"Nellie, you cannot guess how this answer of yours pains me," he said, sadly.

She took his hands confidently in hers.

"Do not be angry with me," she pleaded. "I have a good reason for my silence. Another's life depends on it."

"Another's life?" repeated the boy, in surprise.

"Yes. One I love dearer than all else in this world—my father."

She bowed her head in her hands and the tears flowed freely.

"There; do not question me further. Let us go from here. Mr. Kelso may be on the watch and, not hearing the explosion, he may return to see what is the matter. Should he do so and find us on the island we could hardly escape him."

"Don't fear for me, Nellie. Now that my hands are free, I warrant you that Jim Kelso and his cowardly Italians would think twice before tackling me. He had a lesson himself that he hasn't forgotten."

At the entrance to the quarry they found young Meiggs, who was thirteen years old, seated upon a rock with his face cocked toward the beach.

They embarked in the boy's boat, and in twenty minutes Nellie and Don were landed at the foot of the cliff, while the boy rowed homeward.

"I hate to part with you, dear little girl," said Don. "But, depend on it, I will see you soon again. I will never feel satisfied until I have rescued you from the clutches of the Kelsos."

Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, he took her face between his hands and kissed her lips.

She uttered a little cry, and springing away, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FACE OF JIM KELSO.

With a sigh Don Winthrop turned his steps toward Lake-view.

"I wonder what those rascals did with my horse?" he muttered. "Well, they've put their foot in it this time, and I guess Andrew Newman will have to look up another foreman. I will put Jim Kelso through to the limit. If he doesn't get twenty years, at least, for his attempt on my life I'll be greatly disappointed. He deserves a life sentence."

He struck the regular trail around the hill and followed it with a steady stride, which promised soon to land him at the cut where the laborers' houses were. Here he would be able to telephone to the office, for he knew his brother must be anxious over his lengthened and unaccountable absence.

"I'll bet Gil has a party out searching for me, and if they ran across the horse—well, I'll soon be able to set the dear boy's mind at ease."

He presently passed the spot where he had been overpowered by the villains.

"If they had not taken me unawares and struck me that cowardly blow from behind I guess I should have made things interesting for them," he said, grimly.

The bright moonlight lighted his way.

"Poor Nellie! If I could only get at the bottom of the mystery which anchors her to the Kelsos, I might be able to help her. I must help her somehow."

When he arrived at the cut he found something doing.

Mike Doyle, the watchman, was the first to see him approaching.

"Upon my word, Mr. Winthrop! Where have you been all this time? Your horse walked in here about five o'clock when the rain was coming down at a smart rate. Your brother sent out every blessed one of the Italians to look for ye, thinking something had gone wrong, but not a sign of ye could they discover between here and the cliff. When the hands knocked off and came in Sinkey and Boggs each headed a searching party, and they came back an hour ago without finding a clew to your whereabouts. Faith, ye look as if ye'd been having a rough time of it."

"I had a bit of adventure, that's all," said Don, carelessly. "Is my brother out here?"

"Yes, sir. He's in the office with Boggs and Sinkey."

The office to which Mike Doyle referred was simply a small boarded-off section of the ground floor of one of the men's houses.

It was furnished with a table, at which Gil sat when he paid the laborers off. A couple of chairs and the telephone completed the furnishings.

Don walked in as cool and collected as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

His unexpected appearance was as surprising as it was welcome, and Gil naturally wanted to know right away what had happened to him.

"I'll tell you all about it on the way back," Don replied. "Have our horses brought up, will you, Sinkey?"

It was nine by the clock, and the twenty odd Italians who had been out with the two foremen beating up the hills for a trace of the young boss were now eating their supper.

From his brother Don kept nothing back.

He told Gil the whole story from start to finish.

"Good heavens, Don! You had a close call," said Gil, with a thrill of horror. "And you really mean to say that the blind girl saved your life?" he added, in astonishment.

"She most certainly did."

"And where has she gone? Surely not back to the Kelso cottage after that?"

"She did go back. Nothing I could say was of any avail to influence her to the contrary. Her actions are an enigma to me, almost."

"What do you mean by 'almost'?"

"Well, she gave me a slight hint on the subject, though it necessarily is incomprehensible to me."

And Don told his brother of Nellie's single admission, on the subject.

"That scoundrel seems to have some terrible hold on the girl," said Gil. "After we land him in jail we may perhaps find out what it is."

Don was not very sanguine that the man's capture would afford the desired result.

Mother Kelso seemed to exercise the same power of intimidation over Nellie.

However, he hoped for the best, fully resolved to probe the mystery to its root.

On reaching Lakeview Don immediately sought the chief of the local police and put the matter before him.

It was such a serious affair that several officers were at once sent out to arrest Jim and Jerry, as well as the two Italians, Gulla and Rossi, on sight.

The young contractors then went home, expecting to hear in the morning that the villains had been landed in jail.

But they were disappointed.

The officers scoured the country roundabout, the authorities of the adjacent towns and villages were notified to be on the lookout for the fugitives, and finally the police of

several cities within a certain radius were communicated with. But in the end nothing came of it.

The two Kelsos, Tony Gulla and Mike Rossi had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

Don hired two men to keep constant watch on the Kelso cottage on the cliff, night and day, with orders to notify him of every movement happening in that quarter.

His chief object was to prevent the spiriting away of the blind girl Nellie, which he feared might be contemplated.

Whether Mrs. Kelso discovered or suspected that she was under surveillance we cannot say, but she made no attempt to leave the locality.

Nellie, however, was never seen out of doors.

As days went by work on the railroad progressed rapidly.

Don had all the men he could use with advantage, and he was perfectly satisfied with the results achieved.

Drilling and blasting was under way at the base of the cliff, and at this point the young contractor spent a large part of his time.

He made several attempts to get into communication with Nellie, but his efforts failed.

She was too vigilantly guarded for that.

Mrs. Kelso maintained a scornful and defiant attitude.

How she managed to get her supplies no one could tell, for she was never absent from the cottage herself, and no one was seen to go there.

By the middle of summer the cut was finished and the steam shovel put out of commission.

The grading of the line was practically finished to the satisfaction of the railroad company from the outskirts of Lakeview to the mouth of the tunnel, which was now two-thirds completed.

The large force of laborers thus released was transferred to the other side of the cliff, where they had plain sailing almost all the way to Glendale.

The filled-in site accepted by the carriage manufactory had been paid for, and the young contractors had made a clear profit of \$4,000 on this speculation.

The site they had purchased for a summer hotel was rapidly being put into shape for the foundation, and Don expected to have the carpenters at work within the next thirty days.

Plans for this building had long since been drawn up, and Don had recently advertised a two years' lease of the projected establishment.

The building would be ready for occupancy the following spring.

"I received an answer to our advertisement this morning from a well-known Chicago hotel man," said Don to his brother one morning early in July. "He's coming down to inspect the location and go over the plans."

"Glad to hear it. What are you going to place the rent at? There will be accommodations for three hundred guests, and this place is going to be the summer resort of northern New York in a very little time. As soon as this branch line is put in operation it will have every advantage one could wish for."

"I can't say yet what rent we will get for the hotel. I will have to consult experienced persons on the subject before I can hit on a price; but you can rest easy, Gil; it will yield a handsome profit on our investment."

"We have got one of the best locations on the lake, all right," said Gil. "You mustn't let that fact escape you when you are fixing the price."

"Trust me for that, Gil. I'm out for the dough as well as the next fellow."

Then the two brothers, who had been standing outside the unfinished tunnel, separated, Gil returning to the bore, while Don started to skirt the base of the cliff, where it was laved by the waters of the lake, in order to reach the scene of the railroad beyond the tunnel.

As the lake was perfectly placid that afternoon it was an easy matter to step from rock to rock and thus gain the other side of the precipitous wall.

When half way around Don paused and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

It was decidedly hot in the sun, and there was scarcely any breeze stirring.

The surface of the water was as unruffled as the face of a mirror, glittering in the sunshine like a plate of burnished gold.

As the boy stood there taking in the sweep of the water-scrape, there suddenly came a whiz through the air, as a big rock, apparently dislodged from above, descended obliquely toward his head.

Fortunately, its aim was not true, and it passed an inch above the young engineer's shoulder, striking him a glancing blow on the head. This, however, was sufficient to stagger him and cut a jagged scalp wound.

Recovering his balance, Don glanced up at the face of the rock mechanically, and there more than half way up, peering down at him with a look of calm ferocity, was the repulsive countenance of Jim Kelso.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Don Winthrop was thunderstruck at the sight of his enemy, for whom the police of Lakeview and vicinity had sought in vain, finally giving up the search in the belief that the man and his confederates had escaped from the State.

"Jim Kelso—here!" gasped the boy, hardly believing the evidence of his eyes.

Shaking off the feeling of dizziness which came over him for a moment, he looked up again; but the rascal had disappeared.

"The villain is crouching up there among the rocks," he muttered. "It was he who launched that rock down upon me, beyond a doubt. What an escape I've had! By George, I'll rout him out of there before he is five minutes older!"

He dashed back across the rocks as if it was the smoothest pathway in the world, and reappeared before the mouth of the tunnel just as Gil and Joe Sinkey came walking out.

"Great Scott, Don! What's happened to you?" gasped Gil, observing the smear of blood on his brother's face and the red gash just above his right ear.

Ignoring his brother's excited remark, Don seized Gil by the shoulder.

"Get your men out of here, quick!" he exclaimed, sharply.

Sinkey, being accustomed to obey the orders of his superiors without question, jumped back into the tunnel and shouted to the laborers, with such good effect that every man of them, except the men directing the operations of the steam drills, came rushing out.

"Get around on the rocks, every one of you, and look for a chap that's hiding somewhere up on the cliff!" ordered Don. "It's Jim Kelso," he explained to his brother, as they followed in the wake of Joe Sinkey and his men.

"What!" ejaculated Gil, in astonishment. "You don't mean you actually saw Kelso around here?"

"I met Kelso," said Don. "This wound is a gentle reminder of his presence and his amiable intentions toward me."

"Good heavens! That fellow has lots of nerve!" said Gil.

The Italians led by Sinkey scaled the rocks like so many monkeys.

The cliff was accessible about two-thirds of the way up; beyond that, for a matter of twenty feet, it was like a smooth wall.

As far as the men could go the rocks were thoroughly overhauled, but they found not the slightest trace of Jim Kelso, nor of any one else.

"He must have managed to get away during the minute or two I lost in coming after the men," remarked Don, regretfully.

"Too bad!" responded Gil. "It would give me a heap of satisfaction to see that scoundrel in jail."

"We'll get him there yet," said Don, with a confident nod of his head.

"I shall not feel easy until we do," replied his brother; "he's making most persistent attempts to do you up. He's a desperate scoundrel."

"I wonder where he could have got in so short a time," said Don, scanning the face of the cliff intently.

"He must have scrambled down and sneaked off around the rocks in an incredibly short space of time."

"I suppose so. If there had been any hiding-place up there the Italians would have found it, I imagine."

Half an hour was wasted to no purpose over Jim Kelso, and then the laborers returned to their work. Don, with his head bound up, went on around the cliff, jumped on a hand-car, and was soon inspecting the more advanced part of the railroad work.

Gil called up their bookkeeper and general office assistant in Lakeview, and told him to notify the police that Jim Kelso had been seen in the vicinity of his cottage.

A couple of officers came out later in the day and made

a tour of the neighborhood, making another thorough search of the cottage; but their efforts were not productive of results.

One fact, however, was brought out, and it occasioned Don a good deal of concern. Nellie, the blind girl, was missing from the cottage.

This, too, in the face of the constant watch that had been kept on the house on the cliff.

How had it been managed?

Don believed the night watchman must have fallen asleep at his post, and that this fact had become known and taken advantage of by Mrs. Kelso, who was about as artful as they make them.

In fact, after that day's adventure it was by no means certain that Jim Kelso had not been in the neighborhood all the time search was being made for him and his companions in guilt.

It was quite possible he had a hiding-place which, so far, had defied detection.

Don was not thoroughly satisfied with the exertions of the police.

He and Gil talked the matter over, and that night after supper they rode out to the cut, left their horses in charge of Mike Doyle, and then walked on through the excavation, which was now completed and graded, ready for the permanent sleepers and rails.

The night was warm and still, but the sky was overcast with flashes of lightning in the distance.

They passed through the cut and took their way over the hills beyond the rear of the Kelso cottage.

In making this detour they purposely pursued the least-frequented route, which took them down through a gully in the hills.

"I think we made a mistake in taking this road," said Gil. "It'll take us all night to make our way through this brush."

"Oh, there can't be so much of it," returned his brother, encouragingly.

Just then a stout twig pierced Gil's light jacket and tore a big hole in it.

"There now!" he ejaculated, discontentedly; "at this rate I shall not have a stitch on my back when we come out at the other end."

"Hush!" cried Don, in a sharp whisper at that moment.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm sure I heard voices."

"What, down here?"

"Yes; keep quiet and listen."

Gil complied with this request, and strained his ears to catch any sound which might strike on the night air.

"Now do you hear it?" whispered his brother Don, gripping him by the arm.

"I hear something," replied Gil, in similarly guarded tones.

"Follow me, and don't make a sound if you can help it."

Don parted the brush which lay in a dense mass in front of him, and carefully felt his way down the gully.

The two boys advanced like slow-moving shadows, and with every step the sound of voices grew more distinct.

At last they felt they were close upon the speakers.

"We can't go more than a step or two further without betraying our presence," Don whispered into Gil's ear. "They're just around this bend."

"Who do you fancy they are?" asked his brother, softly.

"One of them I can almost swear to be Jim Kelso, and the other—"

Here Don pushed his head warily through the brush.

He found himself looking into the pocket of a gully.

A red glass lantern, similar to those used by railroad men or contractors, was standing on the ground in a small, cleared place.

It gave out sufficient light for the boy to recognize the two men seated on a section of a decayed tree, which had been rolled down into the gully.

One of them, as he had surmised, was Jim Kelso. He looked thoroughly disreputable in his attire, as if he had sustained hard usage of late. His companion, who was stout and well dressed, was none other than Andrew Newman.

That these two persons should be found together in earnest consultation at such a place, and under the circumstances that surrounded the ex-foreman, was a disquieting discovery for Don to make.

The boy scented trouble.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROPOSITION JIM KELSO MADE TO ANDREW NEWMAN.

"I tell you, Jim, you've not only ruined yourself, but you've muddled up all my plans by your mad break against the life of Donald Winthrop at the quarry," Andrew Newman was saying in a tone of plain dissatisfaction. "What in thunder have you got against the boy that you can run such a desperate risk in order to gratify your personal animosity?"

"I hate him!" hissed Kelso, vindictively.

"Well, I know you have had it in for him ever since he struck that boy of yours——"

"Hittin' Jerry ain't got nothin' ter do with it."

"No?" said Newman, blinking at his late foreman curiously. "You spoke once as if you had your knife into him for that."

"Well, I did; but it was on account of that gal of mine," said Kelso, doggedly.

"What about the girl? He was not trying to make love to her, was he?" grinned the contractor, tantalizingly. "I shouldn't imagine a chap like Winthrop had any time to waste over a blind girl."

"It don't make no diff'rence whether he had the time or not, he made it his bizness to interest himself too all-fired much in her to suit me," snarled Kelso.

"Then you have a hold on the girl, eh?" said Newman, with some interest. "I always thought there was something queer about her connection with you. Besides, I couldn't understand why you wanted a blind girl around your premises, anyway."

"It doesn't make no diff'rence whether I've got a hold on her or not, nor why I kept her around. That's my affair, and I wasn't goin' ter have this pesky young contractor pokin' about tryin' ter find out what didn't concern him."

"He didn't learn anything, did he?"

"No, he didn't. I told him to git, and if he'd done it and let the gal alone after that I reckon I shouldn't have tried to do him up. It ended in a scrap, and he laid me out."

"Laid you out?" said Andrew Newman in amazement. "Do you mean to say that boy whipped you with his fists?"

"That's what he did. He's been and took lessons from some prizefighter, for I couldn't reach him nohow. You'd have thought I was a chicken the way he handled me, and that's why I hate him. He's the first fellow that ever got the best of me, and I've sworn to settle him for it."

"And you've put yourself into a nice hole trying to do it, haven't you?"

"I'll reach him yet," gritted the rascal.

"Well, you know your business. You sent for me to come out here to see you. I suppose you want money. I brought you \$100."

"I want a good deal more than \$100," said Kelso, as he accepted the money; "but I stand ready to earn it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Ye said awhile ago that the quarry affair had blocked your schemes for doin' up their railroad contract."

"I did. I depended entirely upon you to queer them one way or another. Your recklessness simply killed my chances."

"Mebbe it did, and mebbe it didn't," retorted Kelso, doggedly. "They haven't finished the work yet."

"Well, it looks mighty like they were going to finish it on time," said the contractor, gloomily. "I had no idea those boys had it in them."

"Mebbe ye'll remember I told ye one day, jest afore they began the job, that if ye expected to do 'em up ye'd have to get right down to bizness. Ye see I was right, don't ye?"

"I'm not denying but they've surprised me," admitted the contractor. "But if you had simply looked strictly after my interests instead of yielding to an insane temptation to do up Donald Winthrop on your own account, it is not unlikely I should have been able to put a spoke in that railroad contract."

"I reckon I see a way to put a mighty big spoke in it yet," said Kelso, grimly.

"How can you do anything that'll interfere with the building of the line now? You're a marked man, certain to be arrested on sight," answered Andrew Newman, incredulously.

"That hain't got nothin' ter do with it," said Jim Kelso, wagging his head confidently. "I've got a plan, and I mean bizness. I haven't been asleep while I've been under cover."

"Tell me what your scheme is, and if I see anything in it I'll agree to pay you every cent it's worth to me."

"Will ye? Well, it's easily worth \$5,000 to ye."

"That's a good deal of money, Jim."

"Isn't it worth that to bust this new firm up an' drive 'em out of bizness in these diggin's?"

"Let's hear what it is, and then I'll be able to judge of its value."

"Suppose somethin' happened to that tunnel they're borin' through ther cliff? More'n half the masonry is already in place. Wouldn't it kind of upset the time calculations of them boys?"

"How are you going to manage it?" asked Mr. Newman, in some excitement.

"That's my bizness. If you'll agree to pay me \$5,000 when the job is done I'll put it through."

"Well, if the work were thoroughly done it would certainly cripple the Winthrops to a considerable extent," mused the big contractor, with some eagerness of manner. "As this is their first big contract, it would hurt their reputation, I guess. It might even prevent them finishing the work within the time. At any rate, it would mean a big loss to them, and might leave me a clear field to scoop in the contract for the trolley line between Lakeview and Greenville, for which bids will soon be asked."

Andrew Newman was hot after the contract to build the trolley road in question, and it was no secret that the Winthrops would bid against him when the time came.

"Well, Jim, you go ahead and see what you can do. If you can make good in a way that'll prove to be to my advantage I'll see that you get \$5,000. I guess it'll be worth that to me."

"Get your \$5,000 ready, for the job will be finished before mornin'."

"Very well; I'll get back to town now. As soon as I learn that you have accomplished the work the money will be at your disposal."

"I'll call for it myself to-morrow night at your house. Be on the watch for me."

Andrew Newman stared at his former foreman.

The fellow's assurance was amazing.

"You seem to be certain of success," he said.

"I reckon I am," replied Kelso, as he took up the lantern and started to lead the contractor from the scene of the confab.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAR OF DEATH.

There was evidently an outlet at the back of the pocket, for in that direction Jim Kelso piloted his late employer, and the two men almost immediately disappeared from view.

Don Winthrop drew back his head and turned to his brother, who had been leaning against him during the entire interview.

"You heard all they said, didn't you, Gil?" he asked, in a guarded tone.

"Every word, but I did not catch sight of either of them. What are we going to do to defeat this piece of villainy? It's lucky we came out here to-night."

"It was providential, Gil," replied his brother, solemnly. "Whatever plans that scoundrel has for accomplishing his purpose, they seem to be well matured from the way he talked. His confidence staggers me. You may be sure he is not alone in this. Those two Italians and his son Jerry are with him hand and glove. How they have managed to elude the police, who have been over every foot of this ground, astonishes me. That they have managed to live three months under cover hereabouts shows that they have allies on the outside. Now that we are forewarned as to their intentions we must round them up before they can carry their dastardly scheme into execution. After that we will attend to Mr. Newman, who has made himself an accessory before the fact, and to that extent he will come within the meshes of the law. Now, Gil, you get back to the cut as soon as you can. Rouse up a dozen of the Italians you can trust in this emergency and get them over to the neighborhood at once. Keep well in the background until I join you, or you see the chance to get the drop on these rascals. I'll see what I can do to nip the scheme in the bud."

Gil pressed his brother's hand and hurried away on his mission, while Don cautiously entered the pocket of the gully and walked in the direction taken by Kelso and Andrew Newman.

The dynamite used in blasting the tunnel was stored on the hillside in a hut a quarter of a mile from the tunnel.

Two watchmen, in turn, guarded the place night and day.

Don guessed that Jim Kelso intended to get possession of the dynamite stored in the hut and use it to wreck the tunnel.

He determined to prevent this at any hazard.

So when he made his way out of the series of gullies in the hills he directed his steps toward the hut.

He found the watchman on the alert.

The man naturally was surprised to see him there at that hour.

"Jennings," said Don, when he came up, "an attempt is to be made to-night by a gang of rascals—Jim Kelso, his son Jerry, and the two Italians, Gulla and Rossi—who have been concealed in this vicinity ever since the quarry affair, to steal the dynamite we have on hand and use it to wreck the tunnel. I want you to run down and bring the tunnel watchman back with you. The three of us ought to be able to stand them off with our revolvers."

"All right, sir," replied the watchman, and he started down the declivity to carry out his orders.

Don stood in the shadow of the doorway and waited.

Five minutes passed slowly away, then ten minutes, and still no sign of the two watchmen.

"It's time those two fellows were here," muttered Don, impatiently.

Unseen by the boy, two shadows crept upon the hut from behind.

They parted at the back of the building, where it was encased in its mound of earth, and each glided up on opposite sides.

Only one stepped out in front, and the young engineer saw the figure at once.

"Who's there?" he demanded, with his right hand on his revolver.

"Don't move, or I'll drill a hole through ye," cried the voice of Jim Kelso, and Don bit his lip with vexation, for he saw the rascal had him covered with a pistol.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded the ex-foreman, peremptorily.

Don determined to take a desperate risk.

Making a feint to obey the order, he drew his own revolver, and like a flash had it pointed straight at the scoundrel.

His intention had been to fire at once, and it would have gone hard with Kelso, but at the moment he pressed the trigger his arms were suddenly caught from behind and the bullet went wide of its mark.

"Who have ye got here, anyhow?" growled Kelso. "He doesn't look like the watchman."

It was clear he had not recognized Don in the dark.

Tony Gulla, who had been kneeling on the boy's back while he was tying his hands, turned the prisoner over and thrust his ugly countenance close down to the young contractor's face.

"Gotta de match, boss? Betta one dol' we gotta da prize pack."

Kelso found a match and lit it.

He held it down toward the face of his prisoner and started back with an oath.

"Donald Winthrop!"

"Whata I say?" grinned the Italian. "We catcha da boss of da job. Gooda haul. No expect."

Kelso was clearly surprised.

Don Winthrop was the last person he expected to run across out there that night.

"I've got ye agin where the shoe pinches, haven't I?" he said, mockingly. "Ye couldn't have turned up at a better time. I was beginnin' to think ye had a charmed life. I thought nothin' would fetch ye. If ye're lucky enough to get away this time ye deserve a gold medal."

Two more shadows came out of the gloom in front.

A squeaking sound followed them.

They proved to be Jerry Kelso and Mike Rossi dragging up a handcar.

The procession came to a stop a few feet away.

"We found two watchmen down yonder, dad, instead of one, as we s'posed," said Jerry, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"You got 'em all right, did ye?"

"Betcher life we did. We left them bound and gagged where they wouldn't get hurt by the explosion. We brought up some tools to break open the door of the hut with. I guess you kin do that part of the job better'n the rest of us."

"I guess I kin," said his father, gruffly; "and while I'm

doin' it ye might feast yer eyes on ther gent Gulla and me got hold of a minute ago."

"What, the watchman?" ejaculated his hopeful son, looking carelessly down at Don as he lay on the ground, earnestly praying for the appearance of his brother on the scene with the much-needed help at his back.

"No, not the watchman, you idiot!" snarled the elder Kelso. "The chap that we tried to do up at the shanty in the quarry and didn't."

"Not Donald Winthrop!" fairly gasped Jerry.

"Ef ye don't believe me, look him over," said his father, taking up one of the tools and making an attack on the lock of the door.

The Italians got busy, and in fifteen minutes every pound of the explosive in the hut was transferred and secured to the handcar.

"Now, Mr. Winthrop, we'll pile you on top, and see if you can get away from it as easily as you did from the nitro-glycerine over at the shanty. Ye are booked straight for the mouth of the tunnel—ye and the dynamite. When the car strikes at the end of the route I reckon there'll be somethin' doin'."

The ruffian's words sent a chill of horror to Don's heart.

He felt that he was doomed to a horrible death.

The help that he knew was coming would arrive too late to save him or avert the catastrophe he had planned to prevent.

Gulla and Rossi lifted the young contractor from the ground and secured him to the car as best they could.

At any rate, he seemed to be safe enough for the short trip.

"Ye kin say yer prayers as ye go down," said Kelso, brutally, and he gave the signal to start the car on its fatal journey.

The two Italians gave it a push, and the wheels began to turn.

In a moment or two it began to gather momentum and slipped away from their hands.

Then it vanished into the gloom of the night, and the four villains waited with strained attention for the explosion they looked for to follow.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Half way down the wheels revolved so fast that the hum of their revolution struck on Don's ears with rising distinctness.

It was the requiem of death.

Apparently nothing could save him now.

Like a fitting shadow it passed the startled gaze of a dozen men, headed by Gil, who had just arrived on the scene.

"What's that?" exclaimed Gil to Mike Doyle, the night watchman at the cut, whom he had fetched along.

"Sure, it's a handcar running wild, sir!"

"A handcar——"

A crash and a tremendous explosion cut the words out of his mouth.

The face of the cliff was lit up for a moment by the glare, and then darkness, more intense than ever, settled about the scene.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Gil. "We're too late. They have dynamited the tunnel!"

The crowd of Italians, preceded by the boy and the watchman, made a rush for the mouth of the tunnel.

Within twenty feet of it Doyle tripped upon a yielding obstruction in his path, and went floundering on his hands and knees.

"What the dickens——" he began, as he recovered himself and felt of the object. "Why, it's a man, as I'm a Christian!"

"Is that you, Doyle," said a voice, and the figure seemed struggling to sit up.

"By all the blessid saints, it's never you, Mr. Winthrop, is it, sor?"

"It isn't anybody else, Mike," replied the recumbent object. "Cut me loose if you've a knife handy."

"Gee whiz! What's the matter with ye?"

"My hands are bound behind my back."

"Faith, that's rough. And how did ye come this way?" asked Doyle, as he knelt beside his boss and fished in his pocket for the jackknife he always carried.

"It's the work of Jim Kelso and his pals," answered Don, who had escaped from the handcar and certain destruc-

tion in the most remarkable manner. "I'm pretty badly shaken up. You'll hardly believe me when I say I was bound to a handcar loaded with dynamite and sent down the grade to what was apparently my death. Thank heavens, I have escaped; but I am afraid the scoundrel has succeeded in destroying our work in the tunnel."

"Glory! Ye've had a wonderful escape, Mr. Winthrop, and it's glad I am to be able to congratulate ye on the strength of it."

"Amen to that, Mike!" said Don, grasping the watchman's hand and giving it a hearty shake.

In another moment they were at the mouth of the tunnel, where several lanterns were now twinkling and flitting about.

More lanterns were to be seen around the corner of the cliff, where most of the men seemed to be gathered.

"Why, how's this?" exclaimed Don, in the utmost amazement. "The tunnel seems to be all right."

"Sure it is!" echoed the voice of Mike Doyle.

"Beta you life," said an under-foreman named Zottarelli, coming up with his lantern. "Everyting all right, boss. Noa blow up here. Looka down yon'. Taka da face offa da cliff. Grata big smash."

A drizzling rain set in about this time, which, with the intense darkness of the night, put a stop to any further investigation of the damage done to the cliff.

The two watchmen were discovered bound and gagged half way up the hillside, when a section of the party, headed by Don, started toward the hut. They did not have any expectation of seeing any trace of Jim Kelso and his crowd, however.

Those scoundrels had fled immediately after the explosion of the dynamite.

They did not go far away, as Jim Kelso was not yet prepared to shake the dust of the neighborhood from his feet.

As many more were guarding the tunnel, though he made no attempt to go in that direction.

Soon after daybreak on the following morning Don and Gil were on the ground where the explosion had occurred, making an examination of the huge break in the cliff.

"There seems to be a hole up there of some kind," remarked Don. "I'm going up to see what it is."

The young engineer mounted the jagged fissure with proper caution.

The opening in question appeared to be the beginning of a subterranean passage leading into the heart of the cliff.

Curiosity compelled Don to enter it and to follow its course, to see where it would wind up.

He penetrated the passage for a distance he thought to be about one hundred yards, when he unexpectedly emerged into a cavern-like room.

A lighted lantern hung from a hook stuck into the wall.

By the dim light thus afforded Don saw there was a table, two stools, and a cot in the place.

Upon the cot, attired as Don had last seen her, lay Nellie, the blind girl, asleep.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, thoroughly astonished by his discovery. "Nellie—in this underground hole! What can it mean?"

He accidentally jarred the table, and a spoon slipped from a plate of untasted food and rattled on the stone floor.

The noise awoke the blind girl and she started up in an attitude of attention.

"Nellie!" said Don, softly, advancing to the cot.

She gave a little scream of startled surprise.

"Donald Winthrop! You here?"

"Yes, Nellie!"

She sprang to her feet and extended both of her hands to him.

"Surely something must have happened, else you could not have gained access to this place, which is directly under the cottage."

"Yes, little girl, something has happened. Kelso tried to destroy our tunnel with dynamite last night; but his plan miscarried, and instead the end of the cliff is badly scattered. Surely you must have felt the shock of the explosion?"

"I did. It awakened me from my sleep. But I could not understand what it meant."

"The falling away of the rock disclosed an opening, which I discovered this morning. I found it led into a kind of passage and, curious to see where it went, I followed its course until I reached this cavern-like room and found you asleep on that cot. There; that's the whole story."

"Then you can save my father!" she exclaimed, in a fever

of sudden excitement, seizing the young engineer by the arm. "You will save him, will you not, for my sake?"

"Your father! What do you mean? Where is he?" cried Don in astonishment.

"He is there, behind those boards," and she pointed toward a section of the cavern-like room which Don, for the first time, noticed was partitioned off from the rest of the place. "He has been a prisoner there for years."

"A prisoner?" said the young contractor in amazement.

"Yes," she answered brokenly. "We were both trapped here long ago by Mr. Kelso, who wanted to get possession of an invention of my father's—an automatic coupler for freight cars which he had had patented. Mr. Kelso swore my father should never see the light of day again until he assigned his rights to him, and this my father has steadfastly refused to do. I was seldom permitted to see him, but made to work for Mrs. Kelso as a servant; and the threat was held over my head that if I ever breathed a word about my father's presence here his death would instantly follow. I knew Mr. Kelso was capable of such a crime, and I knew he would not hesitate to carry out his threat, as he bitterly hated my father for his obstinacy in refusing to do as he wished him. He is the direct cause of my blindness, which was occasioned by a fall from the rocks which I sustained at his hands."

"The scoundrel!" said Don, clenching his fists.

"As long as my father was in his power I was silent; but now that I see a way for his escape I fear the Kelsos no longer, for I feel you are my friend—that you will protect my father from that man once he is away from the place."

Don had Nellie's father, whose name he ascertained to be Edward Moore, removed from the underground cavern to his mother's home, and Nellie, of course, went there with him.

Both received a kindly welcome from Mrs. Winthrop, whose sympathies were naturally attracted to the beautiful little blind girl.

Mrs. Kelso was immediately arrested at the cottage on information furnished by Don Winthrop, and late that afternoon Jim Kelso, his son, and the two Italians were cornered in the woods fifteen miles from Lakeview and taken prisoners.

They were afterward tried on the charge of attempted murder at the quarry on Jumbo Island, Jim Kelso getting twenty years, the Italians fifteen years apiece, and Jerry seven years.

With the exit of the Kelso gang from the scene there was no further trouble encountered by the Winthrop brothers with the railroad contract, and the work was satisfactorily completed within the contract limit.

The two young contractors later on obtained the contract for building the trolley road from Lakeview to Greenville.

They encountered no opposition from Andrew Newman, because that gentleman had just been tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for complicity in the tunnel outrage.

The boys' profit on the D. P. & Q. branch line was something like \$40,000 in all, and they made about half as much on the trolley contract.

The summer hotel was duly erected on the selected site alongside of the beautiful lake, and proved to be a winner, the three years' lease arranged with the Chicago hotel man bringing them in \$10,000 per year.

The young contractors have greatly extended the business left by their father, and Don is now about to close a deal for building a railroad in Mexico.

He will be married in a few weeks to Nellie Moore, the little girl who saved his life in such a wonderful way on Jumbo Island.

She is no longer blind.

Money was no object to Don where she was concerned, and a great oculist succeeded in repairing the mischief caused by the villainous Jim Kelso so many years ago.

With everything before them to make life happy, we bid farewell to the young contractors of Lakeview, who fought for fame and won it.

Next week's issue will contain "SEEKING A LOST TREASURE; OR, THE NERVE OF A YOUNG EXPLORER."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

To keep wine properly, the liquid must actually touch the cork, for any air that is compressed here by corking the bottle is very injurious. Air can be removed by taking a small copper tube about the size of a quill and filing it so as to make a semi-tube, then fixing a thumb ring at the top and sharpening the bottom end. Place the tube in the neck with the flat side against the glass, and the cork is driven in so that the air comes off through the tube. When corked, the tube is withdrawn and no air is left in the bottle.

A novel experiment in automobile racing will be tried at Salt Lake, Utah, when Teddy Tetzlaff will try for a world's record on the closely packed salt beds, just outside of the city. Since the success of motor racing on the Ormonde and Galveston sand beaches the plan to use the Salt Lake beds for the same purpose has been advanced, as it is said that they are naturally adapted for this purpose. Should the experiment prove a success it is the intention of the promoters to construct a great racing course, on which international contests will be held.

A cigarette betrayed William Reilly and Michael Marling, two alleged burglars, found by Mrs. Parker Dean in her home on Storm King Mountain, in Cornwall, N. Y. As she sat reading in a bedroom she scented the smoke. Going into the sitting-room she surprised a man picking up valuables. Charles Capes, answering Mrs. Dean's call for help, gave chase and overtook the men on the West Shore railroad tracks. He turned them over to Constable Tombs. The police say they had \$125 worth of loot in their pockets.

Mrs. Harriet Harper is the oldest woman in Kansas to register for the primaries. She is one hundred and two years of age. As the time for the hour for registration to close drew near Mrs. Ernest Underwood, candidate for county treasurer, called at the Harper home. "Better come on down and register so you can vote," Mrs. Underwood suggested. Unassisted, Mrs. Harper walked downtown and climbed the long flight of stairs leading to the city clerk's office. It is estimated 75 per cent. of the women of Atchison will vote in the August primaries.

Two of the American navy's four dreadnoughts now building were nearly three-fourths completed on Aug. 1, according to comparative figures issued by the Bureau of Construction. The Nevada, at the yards of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, and the Oklahoma, under construction by the New York Shipbuilding Company, have a respective percentage of completion of 72.4 and 72.6. The total percentage of completion of the Pennsylvania, building at Newport News, is 42; and that of the Arizona at the New York navy yard, is 24.4.

A romance carried on by letter across the ocean ended in the marriage of Mrs. Mary Jewel, of England, and Charles H. Warner, a Shelbyville farmer. When the two met at the train it was the first time they had ever seen each other. After the wedding they declared: "Of course we love each other. I am more than pleased with appearances." Warner saw a picture of the pretty English widow last winter and so impressed was he with her looks that he wrote her. Soon the engagement followed. They will reside in Shelbyville, Mich. She is thirty-five and he sixty-five.

A crop of 900,000,000 bushels of wheat, almost half of the world's average wheat production, and a new record for the United States, is the prospective total yield of the farms of the country this year, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture in its June crop report issued recently. The enormous wheat harvest will be 137,000,000 bushels more than has ever been grown before in the United States in any one year, and is due to excellent weather and an increase of 6.4 per cent. in the acreage planted. There will also be large yields of oats and barley, probably second in size on record.

Capt. Ezekiel Goddard Dodge Diamond has recovered from a slight indisposition and is skipping around in his room at the Old People's Home, in Pine street, San Francisco, laughing at the doctors who, because of the captain's 118 years, were worried about him. The captain has been in commission steadily now since 1796, has watched one whole century come and go and has gotten a pretty good start on the second one, and declares he will hang around a while yet, just to see what is going to happen in Europe. Capt. Diamond was quite a lad when Napoleon got licked at Waterloo, cast his first ballot for James Madison, saw Robert Fulton's steamboat steam up the Hudson River and has much other odd bits of personal history to talk about.

Helen, one of the lionesses of the Central Park Zoo, recently became the mother of three cubs, all of which were reported healthy and strong by the head keeper, Bill Snyder. The recent arrivals make nineteen cubs born to Helen in captivity in the last six years. The father of most of these, including the three just born, is Leo, a big black spotted African lion, who has been in the park menagerie for thirteen years. Helen has been in the park eleven years. The baby lions are black-spotted and resemble Leo. They have been put in three adjoining cages with Helen, two of the cages being left free for them to run about in and the third being fitted up as their sleeping apartment. In it is a large box, eight feet long by five feet in width and height, into which Helen and the cubs can retire. Within a few days, Snyder said, the cubs will be placed where the public will have opportunity to see them.

THE SILVER WHEEL

— OR —

THE LIGHTNING LEAGUE OF LYNN

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIII (continued).

"Isn't he far ahead, Larry?"

"Arrah! an' he's not, an' it's meself ye'll have to be thankin'."

"Why?"

"Didn't he mane to get on the cars?"

"I'm sure I can't say, Larry," said Jack, "considering I wasn't here. But tell us what happened."

"The spalpeen marched into the depot as bold as brass, Masther Jack, wid his wheel wid him, just before the train for Topeka got here."

"He was going to travel by it!" cried Ned.

"Faith, an' it looks like it, seein' he bought his ticket. Then he saw me, an' shure he was as white as the collar round my neck. It's nerve he has, though, all the same. Seein' me, over he walks. 'Larry,' he says, 'it's glad I am to meet you. Howld my wheel, there's a good fellow, while I send a telegram,' an' when he had done that, he gets on his wheel again an' away he rides."

"You're sure he bought a ticket?" asked Jack.

"Begorra, I am."

"Then, if he hadn't seen you, he would have ridden on the train, and that would have been the end of him, for he'd have been disqualified. What a pity you didn't keep out of sight?"

"It's out of sight I was," cried Larry, "till he turned round. But niver fear, Master Jack, we'll have him before he gets through."

"Hope you will, Larry!" exclaimed Jack, as he and Ned got on their wheels again and rode off, resolved as they were to overtake the leaders. Ware and Green were both ahead of them, and the only rider in the rear was Dick Kilby, whose wheel had broken down.

Some few miles to the east of Olathe they stopped and slept, being badly in need of rest, and it was late in the afternoon when they started once more, riding now towards Lawrence, a small city on the river Kaw.

On the way they saw a wheelman ahead of them, and they recognized the rider as Leslie Ware.

Then, when they had got nearer, they saw Phil Green, too. Evidently they were tired, for it was not a difficult matter to overtake them. Having done so, Ned wished to get away from them, because he did not like their society, but this was more difficult. Both Green and Ware soon showed that they were not tired by keeping in front and resisting all attempts on Ned's part to leave them.

"Give it up, Ned," whispered Jack. "Let us keep about one hundred yards behind. We shall have them in sight then, and shall be quite near enough without having to talk to them."

"Very well, that will do for me, and, besides, it's not a bad plan, for I guess they know the way, and we can follow."

Ware seemed to be annoyed at their efforts to avoid coming into close contact with him, and as they fell back he slowed down, too, but seeing they still kept their distance he shouted to Green to get a move on him, and then set off at a tremendous pace.

"Hooray!" cried Ned, seeing this. "Now for some real riding. That crawling tires me."

The road was good and level, and the boys scorched along it without meeting any one, until at length they lessened their pace as they saw the houses of a city before them.

"That must be Lawrence!" cried Ned.

"If it is, we've made very fine time," answered Jack. "I'd no idea we were so near. We may as well cross the river and go right on. I don't feel tired."

"Nor me. I'm ready to ride fifty miles. Look! Look, Jack. They're turning away from the town."

"That means they're going right on without entering the city. We'd better do the same. We may as well follow Ware."

It was certainly wise for the boys to do this, as they did not mean to rest at Lawrence, and a moment later they were tearing down a hill in pursuit of the leaders.

Ahead of them ran the river Kaw, and as the boys got in sight of it, Jack gave a great shout:

"By gracious, Ned, this is pleasant; the bridge is broken down!"

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK SEIZES THE BOAT—WARE MAKES AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Both the boys dismounted, and saw that Green and Ware had done the same, the two latter being quite near the river.

Jack and Ned ran over quickly to see what had happened, and found that the bridge had not broken down, but had been carried away by the river. There had been a freshet, but the stream was now subsiding.

"Can you swim across this river?" asked Jack.

"Why?"

"Because you'll have to, carrying your wheel on your back."

"Bosh! all we have to do is to ride on and find another bridge."

"Which will mean a great loss of time, Ned."

"The same for all of us," retorted Ned. "Ware and Green will have to ride around, too."

"No, but they won't," cried Jack, excitedly. "They've found a way out of the difficulty. They've got a boat, Ned. Come on, bring your wheel with you."

With these words, Jack took his wheel in his arms and ran down the bank with it.

Ware was in the boat with the two wheels, and Green was holding onto the stern, evidently about to push it off.

"Just in time," said Jack, coolly, as he put his wheel on board.

"Here, I say," cried Leslie Ware, hotly, "you have some nerve, and no mistake. What do you mean by putting your wheel aboard my boat?"

"My dear Ware," answered Jack, smilingly, "I don't see the necessity of putting such a question. I want to cross the river, and your boat happens to be the first one I can see."

"Well, you won't cross in this boat," said Ware, savagely. "Take your wheel out or I'll throw it into the river!"

"Try," said Jack, coolly. "If you raise a finger towards it I'll throw you, Green and the two wheels out of the boat. Don't stand staring there, Ned. Put your wheel on board, and yourself, too. We don't want to delay these gentlemen."

Ned was quite enjoying the fun, and was admiring the readiness which his friend Jack displayed on every occasion. Aroused by Jack's words, he placed his wheel in the boat and followed after it.

As he did so Jack pushed off.

"Stop! stop!" cried Green. "Wait for me!"

"You'd better swim," laughed Jack, and Green had to rush through the water to get on board, preferring to wade rather than wait until swimming became necessary.

Ware was mad. He sat and glared at Jack and Ned, but he did nothing, knowing that a struggle in the boat would only lead to it capsizing.

But Green was not so thoughtful. Jack sat with a pair of sculls in his hands rowing the boat along and Green imagined he had him at his mercy.

Springing towards him he seized Jack by the neck.

"I think I have you now, Jack Hudson," he cried. "What's to prevent me from throwing you over into the river?"

"If I go," said Jack, coolly, "you'll all go, too. You don't suppose you can get the best of me without a struggle, and that means that the whole lot of us will be in the water."

"I don't care for that," cried Green, savagely. "I can swim."

With that he tried to drag Jack off the seat, but the struggle was of very short duration. There was no need for Ned to go to Jack's assistance, for he had very cleverly

thrown Green back into the bottom of the boat, and then Ned jumped on him and kept him down.

"You think you've got the best of us!" shouted Ware, springing to his feet now. He was angrier than ever when he saw what had happened to Green.

The boat by this time was not far from the bank towards which Jack was rowing, but the water was still quite deep.

"You never made a greater mistake in your life, Jack Hudson!" exclaimed Ware, in a tone of triumph. "I'm going to show you something."

Saying this, he seized one of the wheels quickly and held it over his head.

"It's my wheel!" cried Ned, frantically. "Stop him, Jack! He's going to throw it in the river!"

But Jack never moved, and with a loud laugh Leslie Ware hurled the bicycle into the water.

"Now, win the Silver Wheel if you can, Ned Wood!" cried Ware, sinking back into his seat again.

Green, despite the fact that he was still held at the bottom of the boat, laughed, too, for he understood what had happened from the talk which had taken place.

"You'll have to walk to 'Frisko now," said Green, laughing to kill himself.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jack Hudson. "This is the funniest thing I've ever seen."

Ned was furious with his chum, but Jack, taking no notice of him, ran the boat ashore, seized two wheels with the speed of lightning and sprang onto the land.

"This is no laughing matter," cried Ned, angrily, gazing at the spot where the bicycle had sunk.

"Oh, but it is," answered Jack, speaking with difficulty owing to his laughter. "It will kill me, Ned. Ware made a trifling mistake. It was Green's wheel he threw into the river."

"What!" cried Green, turning white.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ned and Jack together now, whilst Ware stood quite still, apparently dazed when he discovered what he had done.

"Hope you'll have good sport," said Jack, springing on his wheel. "Can't stop to see you fish for Green's bike, but I know you'll enjoy yourselves."

Ware made a rush at Jack, but the latter, expecting this, was already riding fast, with Ned close to him, and Ware was left far behind. The last seen of Ware and his friend they were standing on the bank gazing quite helplessly at the riders.

"They'll waste some time, Jack," said Ned.

"Yes, they'll be an hour at least in getting that wheel out. For once we have the best end of the deal, and we'll make the most of it."

But they soon found they could not ride very fast, for the road was steep, and many times they were compelled to dismount and push their wheels along. After a time they came to a path which ran alongside a precipice with high rocks towering overhead, and here extra care had to be used, for a fall probably meant death. Fortunately this kind of traveling did not last long, and after the path had made a descent for a considerable distance it broadened out into a road wide enough for a coach to travel along.

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

MOVIE SNAKE BITES HIM.

While posing for the "movies" George Cogswell, scout of the Schaghticoke Rattlesnake Club, was bitten by a rattler.

He said: "I had lifted the snake and was talking and not paying much attention when the snake got me at the first joint of the left thumb. When the snake struck it felt like a pin prick. It is the first time in my life that I have been bitten by one."

GOLD COINS FOR EXPOSITION.

Two thousand \$50 gold pieces, one-half of which will be octagonal in shape, like those issued in California in 1851, will be coined at the San Francisco Mint to commemorate the Panama-Pacific Exposition, by the terms of a bill passed by the United States Senate.

There also will be coined ten thousand \$2.50 gold pieces, twenty-five thousand gold dollars and two hundred thousand 50-cent pieces. All of the gold coins are to be sold to the exposition company at par and will probably be sold by it at an advance to visitors.

BOXING IN EUROPE AT A STANDSTILL.

Boxing throughout Europe is at a standstill owing to the war and the knights of the glove have exchanged their padded weapons for those of a far more dangerous character. In France alone several score of the professional boxers are serving with the army, the most illustrious example being George Carpentier. The recent ring victories of the French middleweight over both Bombardier Wells and Gunboat Smith caused European critics to predict world's championship honors for Carpentier. Should he be killed or injured in action his loss would be keenly felt in pugilistic circles, for even the English ring authorities predict a promising career for him, as can be seen from the following extract from a review of his bout with Smith:

"Though the result of the boxing contest between Carpentier and Gunboat Smith was very unsatisfactory from one point of view, there is very little doubt that if the contest had continued Carpentier would either have won easily on points or would have finished his man before the tenth round. The Frenchman had science, pace and precision, and all of them had been improved since he last appeared.

"With qualities such as these he was easily able to deal with a man whose chief assets were strength and endurance. The rapier will nearly always win against the broadsword. We shall always look forward to seeing Carpentier in the ring again. His fierce vitality, his swift intelligence, his flaming courage present a combination of some of the finest qualities which boxing has ever evolved in its best exponents."

YALE FOOTBALL PLANS.

Plans for starting the Yale football season have been perfected at a recent coaches' meeting and the general squad has been ordered to report at Yale Field September 14. The largest set of players who ever faced a head coach here is expected. September 8 a smaller squad, largely the backfield men, will meet Capt. "Bud" Talbott and Chief Frank Hinkey of the coaching staff in Madison, about twenty miles from here on the east shore of Long Island, for light preliminary work. "Billy" Bull is the only other member of the permanent coaching staff who will be present at Madison.

The coming season will introduce more novelties into Yale football than any of its predecessors. A new head coach, Frank Hinkey, will make his bow, installing a new system of gridiron play at Old Eli; there will be a medical director for not only the eleven but for all branches of sports, Dr. Bull; a new preliminary season of training at Madison has been inaugurated previous to the general season in this city, the playing schedule will be the shortest on record, embracing only nine games and containing no Wednesday contests, and the only sunken football stadium in existence, the new Yale Bowl, will be opened for the game which forms the climax of the season, the game with Harvard here on November 21.

Hinkey's style of game will probably include open play to the extreme and secret practice may be abolished. At any rate, it will be greatly curtailed, and the Eli attack will be entirely remodeled. Hinkey, who captained two former Yale elevens—those of '93' and '94'—has been coach annually with the exception of but a few years since he was graduated, but has never before directed a Yale campaign. The spring practice, under his supervision, was the most exacting a Yale football squad has ever sweltered through.

The engagement of Dr. Bull has given the football players a permanent policy in medical and surgical aid for players who are injured or ill. He will also look after baseball, track and rowing athletes during their playing season. He will make this city his home and will be available for duty as backfield coach during the football spring and fall practice.

The Harvard game alone will be played on the new ground in the bowl. The old wooden stands are being prepared for the other games, 17,000 seats being carefully prepared for the crowds. The Brown game, November 7, will be the last in the old stands, which will be torn down at the close of the present season.

The bowl will be easily ready for the public by the date of the game with Harvard. The bowl will accommodate about 72,000 people, seating some 60,000. Funds for the entire structure are not entirely secured, and the price of seats for the Harvard game this fall is not yet announced. It will be something of an advance over former games, it is believed.

The Fight for the Pirate's Isle

—OR—

CAPTAIN DIABLO'S LAST CRUISE

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I

THE ALBATROSS SAILS.

"Mind, we are going with you!"

"Oh, no!" was the laughing reply, "we've no room for girls aboard our craft."

"Haven't you, Master Dick? You didn't always say so."

"We do foolish things sometimes."

This short conversation took place in a pretty room of a house in Baltimore.

The speakers were four young people known once as Claire O'Neill, and her friend, Grace Baldwin, Dick Decker, the renowned boy commander, and his lieutenant, Harry Hamilton.

But the two girls were Claire O'Neill and Grace Baldwin no longer.

They had been rescued after incredible adventures from the Isle of Delight, the stronghold of Captain Diablo, the Sea Demon, by Dick Decker and Harry Hamilton.

Then they had sailed for home.

Once there, little time was lost before the two girls became the brides of the two daring young sailors who had rescued them from a fate worse than death.

So Claire married Dick Decker, and Harry Hamilton and Grace were made one.

Claire was a brunette and Grace a blonde, and their beauty was perfect and dazzling.

The raven locks and dark flashing eyes of the one contrasted admirably with the golden tresses and soft blue eyes of the other. But their features wore now the charm which only perfect happiness can give. They had passed through the most terrible scenes of bloodshed and strife. But youth soon forgets this, and we find them as free from care as two young girls just married and beloved by their husbands can be.

Dick Decker was as handsome and dashing as ever, with his bright, blue eyes and his curling, blonde hair.

He looked every inch a sailor.

But not more so than Harry Hamilton, with his raven locks and his flashing black eyes.

"Then you really are going away again, Dick dear?" said Claire.

"Yes, I must."

"But why—we're so happy here? Now, we can enjoy ourselves and forget all about that dreadful pirate and his horrid deeds."

"Claire, would you have me break my word?"

"Break your word, Dick! Why, whatever do you mean?"

"I mean that when my father fell beneath the blade of this fiend Diablo, with his dying lips he made me promise to avenge his death. There, while his life's blood was ebbing fast away, I swore to revenge him or perish in the attempt. Claire, I love you dearly, but you ask too much of me when you wish me to violate my sacred oath."

Dick Decker spoke as if he was deeply moved, which indeed he was.

"Dick," said Claire, "I will not try to turn you from your duty, but," she added, looking at him with pleading eyes, "take me with you."

Grace added her entreaties.

The two young sailors felt there were many objections to what was required of them.

In the end, it is needless to say, the girls had their own way, and it was arranged they should take part in the desperate enterprise.

"Well, now that's settled, girls," said Dick, "you'd better run away and do all your packing, for the schooner will sail in three days."

"Three days!"

"Yes."

"All the better," said Harry. "I'm dying to be on the waves again."

"And I," added Dick.

"And so are we," said the girls, "with you."

Laughingly they ran out of the room.

A few days later a smart, rakish-looking schooner was sailing down Chesapeake Bay, out onto the broad Atlantic.

The war with England still continued, and the Albatross, for that was the name of the craft, sailed under letters of marque issued by the American government.

Up and down her quarter deck paced two young sailors, both handsomely dressed, and looking exceedingly graceful in their splendid uniforms.

"Harry, isn't she a beauty?" said one.

"Dick, she floats like a cork and sails like a bird. I'll forgive old Diablo if he's got any craft can outsail her."

"Yes, and she can bark, too. By Jove! yes, she carries plenty of guns."

"The sooner we hear the sound of them the better I'll like it, anyway."

As they spoke a sailor came towards them.

It was Ben Barnacle.

He was red-faced and weatherbeaten. His twinkling eyes and the pimple that served for a nose were his most conspicuous features. Ben was boatswain of the craft, and was as hardy and honest a man as ever stepped a deck. He cherished a strong affection for his quid of tobacco and his rum, and was devoted to Dick Decker, with whom he had sailed before.

"Well, Ben, what d'you think of her! She'll do, eh?"

"Do, cap'n, shiver me I've sailed the water, man and boy, this thirty years, an' I reckon I ain't seen the craft as could give her leg bail."

"And she's as stanch as she is fast," added Dick, proudly.

"Guess it'll have to be a big sea to drown her."

"Drown her; she won't drown. If she goes under she'll come up again like a cork. Now, I mind me," added Ben, "when I was serving on board the Saucy Nancy the sea—"

"Ha! Ha! Ben," said Dick, "you haven't forgotten how to spin a yarn, I see."

This was a weakness of his.

"Come along, Dick, I reckon dinner's ready. Ben's yarn will keep, the soup won't."

The two young men disappeared down the companion-way.

"Strikes me," said the boatswain to himself, looking after the retreating figures, "it's very strange they always go when I commence to tell 'em anything. P'raps they think I inwent 'em, but shiver me, my tales are as true as gospel."

The two young men and their wives were in the cabin of the Albatross. It was luxuriously furnished, and everything that money could buy or thought suggest had been provided to minister to the comfort and enjoyment of the party.

Dinner was over, and Dick and Harry, lazily reclining on the soft lounges, were smoking cigars and listening to Claire.

She was singing a pathetic little ballad, accompanying herself on a sweet-toned guitar.

"Bravo, Claire!" they all shouted, when she had finished.

"I call this jolly," said Harry.

"I wish it would last forever!" said Grace.

"That can hardly be, but we'll make the most of it while we can. See," said Dick, looking through a port-hole, "we're leaving land far behind. Now we're on the real salt sea again."

As they sat and talked and sang, they noticed that the land had faded from sight.

The schooner was sailing before a fair wind, and they could tell how fast she was cutting through the water by the noise of the waves against the sides.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Dick.

"Beg parding for intrudin'," said a sailor, entering and touching his hat.

"What is it?"

"Why Ben Barnacle sez as he sees a suspicious-lookin' sail on the weather bow."

"I'll come on deck at once!" cried Dick, springing up and seizing his hat.

Followed by Harry, he left the cabin.

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH BRIG.

"Well, Ben, what d'you make of her?"

"Can't make her out at all, cap'n," said the boatswain, handing him the glasses. "I reckon from her cut, though, that she's a fighting craft."

Dick looked long and anxiously.

"Think you're right, Ben, she isn't a merchantman."

"Anyway we'll soon see," said Harry, "for she's coming up fast. She'll cross our bows very shortly."

"Wonder whether she's friendly or not!"

"Don't think so, cap'n. From her cut I reckon she's a Britisher."

"So much the better," said Captain Dick, "we'll have some fun with her."

"Fun!" said Ben Barnacle, "my eye, how you talk. Why, she's bigger than us."

"I know and am glad of it. It'll give us more chance to find out what the new ship can do."

They watched the unknown brig carefully, but it was impossible to tell from her course whether she was endeavoring to intercept the Albatross! For since she had been sighted she kept on in the same direction.

"Put the helm down a point," cried Dick Decker, "let's see what she does now."

The schooner went round and instantly they saw the brig alter her tack so as to overhaul the privateer.

There was now no doubt what her object was.

"That's your little game, is it?" said Dick. "Well, I won't disappoint you. I could show you a pair of heels, but I'll even go out of my way to oblige you."

The course of the Albatross was changed.

She was now rapidly sailing toward the brig.

"Shall we fire a gun, cap'n, and ask her what she means?"

"No."

"You won't?"

"No. Run up a flag."

"A flag! What one?"

"Why, the stars and stripes, to be sure, and nail it to the mast if necessary. That'll make her show her colors."

Up ran the stars and stripes to the peak.

Almost immediately the British union jack fluttered on the other vessel.

"Now we're in for it, Harry."

"Yes. This looks like business."

There was a puff of smoke, and a shot came over the water, narrowly missing the rigging.

"Now, my lads," said Dick Decker, addressing his crew, "this is going to be a tough fight, I don't doubt. But remember we're fighting for the flag that waves above us."

"Hurrah—hurrah!" shouted the sailors loudly.

All was excitement and animation.

Dick's enthusiasm had infected the men, and they were all eager for the fight.

"Call all hands to quarters!" he cried. "Distribute arms!"

(To be continued)

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168 West 23d Street

New York

T. M. Bullen, of Newport, Del., has a bird dog that beats homing pigeon, cats or anything else for "turning up." When he started from Wilmington, Del., in his motor boat for Fenton's Beach, N. J., where he has a summer cottage, he found his dog, Speckle Flirt, had followed him for miles from Newport to the wharf. He drove her back, as he supposed. Two hours afterward when he was sitting on his porch he saw a wet and forlorn object crawling up to him. He was amazed to find it was his dog. The animal swam diagonally across the Delaware River, a distance of six miles, to reach her master. She must have kept the motor boat in view all the way, for it was her first visit to the beach. Mr. Bullen now says there is not enough money in the Mint to buy that dog. He also says she can go with him in the motor boat hereafter whenever she pleases.

Stone roofs are very common in Malta and give excellent service, according to Consul James Oliver Laing, of Valetta. The custom is an ancient one and is continued because stone roofs are cheap and durable. "I have seen such roofs here three hundred years old and perfectly good," he said. "Large beams of wood were used in ancient times upon which to lay the stone. The beams were about 10 by 7 inches. Steel beams about the size of an American T-rail, but a little higher, are now used. The stone—native limestone—is usually about four or five inches thick. The pieces are joined closely together and

set in cement. A thin line of cement is also spread on top of all joists. The roofs are flat, with just enough slope for drainage. The stone does not wear out and the only repair necessary is a new covering of cement for the joists once in a while. Unless they are walked upon twenty years sometimes elapse without repairs of any kind to the roofs. They have the advantage of being absolutely fireproof."

Seventeen of the convicts at Camp McCormick, in the Catskill Mountains, who had been paroled from Sing Sing to work on the Cleve Mountain State road, were sent back to the prison for a number of days. These convicts, who comprised the second allotment sent from the prison, had sulked at their tasks and gave evidence of preferring the prison walls to life in the open. The first gang of thirty convicts are working contentedly in the woods. They will be retained on the work. The seventeen sent back did nothing of a violent character, but simply declined to work, and it was thought their example would be a menace to the other men. It is charged that this sulking on the part of convicts has been brought about by State road contractors. It is asserted that added recreation and amusements have been installed at the prison and that the prisoners have been indirectly influenced against the State road work. The seventeen men sent back made it plain that they thought they were on a pleasure excursion, and they declined to regard the parole in any other light.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

H. C. Tusts and his nephew, William Norton, of Tucson, Ariz., have just returned from an automobile trip in the course of which the kewpie on their radiator cap was hailed by Indians as a heathen god. The doll was dressed in red. The Indians had to be literally pushed out of the road so that the car could proceed.

Anna Ohler, daughter of a farmer near Medford, Okla., was attacked by a bull while milking a cow in a field near the house. She was tossed several times in the air and rolled around on the ground before her father and several sisters went to her rescue with pitchforks and clubs and drove the animal off. The girl was painfully bruised.

J. A. Sutcliffe, twenty-six, went to the gravel pit at the east edge of Corwith, Iowa, for a load of gravel. In the evening about 10 o'clock a party in an automobile passing the pit noticed a team hitched to a wagon come from the pit, and, seeing no driver, investigated. In the pit Mr. Sutcliffe was found buried in the sand, just his head protruding. He was dug out and taken to town, where medical aid was given him, but he died in a few hours.

Tyrus Cobb of the Detroit American League team recently set at rest reports that he intended jumping to the Federal League by signing a contract to play three more years with the Tigers. The contract does not contain the maligned ten-day clause, neither does it carry an increase in his salary, which is said to be \$15,000 a year. The contract under which Cobb is now playing contains this clause, but it will expire at the end of the present season.

The announcement that an alligator had been killed in Lake Manitou, near Rochester, Ind., has caused excitement among the summer visitors there, and many fair bathers are not taking their customary daily dips, fearing that other alligators may be in the lake. The dead alligator was nearly three feet long. It was killed by Fred Paramore, a Rochester contractor, when he found it sleeping beside his launch anchored off a prominent beach. It is believed to be one of several which were sent here from Florida last fall and escaped this spring.

Awakened by something passing over her arm, Miss Hazel Joseph, of Ohio, Pa., jumped up in bed and discovered a monster black snake coiled around the neck of her younger sister, Loretta. The latter was fighting for her life, but the big reptile was slowly choking her to death. So tight were the coils about the girl's throat that she could not speak. She was gradually growing weaker when the elder sister caught up a pair of long shears from a dresser and plunged them through the throat and body of the snake again and again, but the snake failed to release its hold. Hazel, then, with a strong "snip" succeeded in cutting the snake in two. She then quickly released her sister and called for help. The injured girl was resuscitated with difficulty, but will recover. The snake was more than seven feet long.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Dr. Carver—Is Jones all right financially? Dr. Pillsber—Oh, yes, indeed; why, I should diagnose almost anything as appendicitis that Jones had.

"Are you at all familiar with Plato?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No. That's one thing Josiah always blames me for. He says I never make real close friends with anybody."

"Haf you heard about Isaacstein?" "Vass it iss?" "Dey took him by the hospital und took his appendix away from him, alretty." "Ha! Vat a pity ain't it he didn't have it in his wife's name?"

Now that Ann's age has been thoroughly discussed, the Council Bluffs Nonpareil springs this one: "A young woman goes upstairs to dress at 7.45 for the evening. She is 19 years old and weighs 102 pounds. State the wait of man below."

An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the directions: "You shoost goes behind dot 'ar church; den you turns up right for a while till you come to a house mit a big hog in the yard. Dot's me."

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer; "you remember that you saw me buying an alarm-clock the other day." "Yes," replied his friend; "you have to get up early these mornings, eh?" "Oh, no, I use it to wake me up when it's time to go home."

The teacher had guests at school one afternoon and naturally was anxious for her pupils to make a good impression. "William," she asked a rose-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?" "Yes, ma'am," was the quick reply. "He was an American gen'ral." "Quite right," replied the teacher. "And can you tell us what George Washington was remarkable for?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy. "He was remarkable because he was an American and told the truth."

THE WITCH OF THE GLEN.

By Kit Clyde

As I was slowly and thoughtfully walking along the main street of a little town in the northern part of New York State, my attention was attracted by the cry:

"The witch—the witch!"

On looking up I saw just ahead of me the wrinkled and bent figure of an aged woman.

Her appearance was certainly very much like the pictures of witches which now and then we see in some book of fairy tales, or in connection with some old German legend.

But she passed on without heeding these cries, attending strictly to her own business until a stone, shied by one of the boys, flew near her head.

Then she halted and turned, and gazed sternly and fixedly at her tormentors; and they, in fear, shrank back.

Then she spoke:

"For shame!" and her tone rang with indignation. "Why do you molest a harmless creature, whose burden of woe is already deep enough.

"Boys, you should be heartily ashamed of yourselves!" I sternly said. "Do your fathers or mothers bid you stone this poor woman? You know they do not. Think you that your mothers would commend this brutal, unkind spirit? Think you they would be glad to know that their sons could descend to such low ruffianism?"

Those who had seemed to feel her rebuke felt more ashamed of themselves than ever, and those who had not slunk quietly away. One of them, more manly than the rest, approached me and said:

"Forgive me, I was thoughtless. I did not throw the stone; still I should not be in the company of those who would harm her."

And then the noble little fellow turned and walked away.

I felt a hand laid on my arm, and from following the boy my eyes sought the face of "the witch" beside me.

The almost savage expression of the face was gone; it was now softened wonderfully, and the piercing eyes were moist.

"Sir, heaven will bless you for the kindness you have shown an old woman, whose only crime is that she is unfortunate. They call me the Witch of the Glen because they do not know me, because across my threshold no strange foot is ever allowed to pass. Will you tell me your name? I wish to know it, that I may speak it when I bend my knees again."

Looking down into that face, a look of pity crossed my own.

"Poor creature!" I thought. "She is not sane, her mind is unhinged to some extent," and then aloud: "My name? Certainly," and I gave it to her.

I was stopping at the house of a friend who resided there.

Of him I asked for information concerning this strange being.

"I can tell you but little," he said, in answer to my question. "For years I have never heard her spoken of save as

the Witch of the Glen. It seems to me that her name was Zingara something."

"And the place where she lives?"

"It is in a deep and lonesome glen, half a mile beyond the outskirts of the town."

"And does she live alone?"

"Now you've got me."

My friend's son just then returned from the post-office, where he had gone after the evening mail.

"Father," he said, "they say there's a fearful time in the glen to-night. The howls are awful."

My friend glanced at me. My interest had been deeply aroused, and he was aware of it.

"Will you go?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Then come on."

In less than ten minutes we were standing on a line with the hut in the glen, on the latter's edge.

From below us were constantly arising a succession of the most dreadful howls. They were from human lips, and those belonging to a maniac.

We went down into the glen, and, as a matter of prudence, approached from the rear.

A gleam of light caught my eye.

Toward it I directed my steps.

It came through a large crack in the solid wooden shutter.

To this crack I applied my eye.

What I saw within sent a shudder from head to foot.

Into the wall a ring-bolt had been securely fastened. From this a heavy chain was led and fastened to an iron hoop, which encircled the body of a young man of twenty-five or six. The latter was dancing at the extremity of the chain, his hands extended and making frantic clutches at the witch who held a bunch composed of half a dozen slender switches. With this she was punishing him, while she was uttering the wild and fearful shrieks we had heard.

"Down, Jimmie, down!" cried the old woman, sternly. "Down, I say!" and she wielded the switches fast, fierce and furious, cutting across his arms, his shoulders, and even his face, which exhibited several cuts, from which blood was issuing. Never before, I thought, had I seen as fiendish looking a being as the old woman, as she mercilessly plied her instrument of torture.

Howling, foaming, resisting, the witch finally got the upper hand, and slowly, but steadily and surely, whipped him back to the wall, and then made him crouch down on the floor.

Exhausted, gasping for breath, the witch held her switches, and stood before her victim.

An incautious step, made by my companion, produced a noise that reached the witch's ear. I saw her bend her head to listen. Her attention for a moment was taken from the chained man. I saw his eyes glitter, his arms were swiftly raised and extended, his fingers began to twitch and work like the talons of some beast of prey, his body began to sway to and fro, he crouched lower to gather his muscles.

I now saw the true state of the case. He was a madman with a murderous fit on him. I saw the old woman's danger.

I tried to utter a warning cry, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

Merciful heaven! the madman sprang! Clear to the very limit of his chain.

She seemed to realize the imminency of her peril, and raising the switches, which he had not succeeded in wrenching from her, she summoned all her waning strength, and struck him a fearful blow across the face, cutting it open in several places, and drawing blood. Blinded, maddened with pain, he clutched at his face where it was stinging him, while she fell heavily to the floor.

Another minute, and then the madman suddenly ceased howling, stretched himself on the floor, and became quiet and motionless. He had worn himself out by his paroxysm, and was now sleeping heavily.

"Someone is coming!" suddenly said my companion, shaking me by the arm.

They passed within a few feet of us—two women. They went to the door of the hut and then knocked.

"Who is it?" I heard the witch's voice ask from within.

"It is us, mother," was the reply.

Mother! I stole forward as the door was opened, and heard a low cry of anguish fall from the witch's lips, then saw her recoil and totter backward across the hut, where she clutched at a table for support.

"Come, sister," tenderly said the smaller of the two women, and with clasped hands they entered the hut, the door of which they left so far open that I could see what took place within, with the lamp burning in the room. The elder of the two newcomers was dreadfully pale, and there was a wild, scared look in her eyes.

Behind the witch was the dog, on the table beside her the big, black cat. As these two women entered, she bent forward and darted a piercing look on the shrinking form of the older of them, and then a low, suffocating, heart-rending cry burst from between her quivering, wrinkled lips:

"You also!" she gasped.

"Hush, mother!" said the younger. "Be brave—have courage; I am still left to help you."

"My poor, poor darling!" How affectionately the hag-gish-looking old woman could speak! "Elinor, my pet, come here—come here and kiss your mother."

"Are you my mother?" with a stare. "No, I don't believe it. You are a witch. I heard them call you the Witch of the Glen one day."

I started forward. My companion would have followed had I not motioned him back. I knocked at the door. I heard someone bound across the floor, and then I saw the old woman's head thrust out. At first she appeared angry, as if she considered herself unwarrantably intruded upon. But the moment she recognized me the annoyed look vanished, and one of doubt replaced it. After a moment, I said:

"I am a doctor. I am the head man in the — Insane Asylum."

Without a word of reply, she motioned me to enter.

After a little while she told me all of her sad history.

She had once been young and handsome and well-off in the world, and her life had been one of unalloyed happiness, until an old vein of insanity which ran in her hus-

band's family had cropped out in him. She had cared for him to his dying day, although he had always been very violent, and had knocked out every tooth in her head at divers times.

Finally her son had gone crazy. All their money exhausted, driven wild herself by misplaced sympathy of those who knew her circumstances, and yet were too selfish to give her a bit of bread, she had discovered this old hut in the glen and moved into it, purchasing it from its owner, and leasing the ground it stood upon.

And here she had kept her crazy son for years, her two daughters being at work in a distant city and sending what money they could spare to help to keep the wolf from the door. She herself had hunted the forests in search of herbs, the gathering of which added a little to her income.

When the crazy spells came on her son, she had found that the only way was to punish him, and though she always whipped him severely, it was with an aching heart. And now her eldest daughter had been brought home by the younger, her mind also shattered.

And this woman, whom the townspeople had called a witch, had spoken of slightly, had hinted was in league with the evil one, to whom she had sold herself—for where else could she get money? they asked themselves—this woman was greater than any of her detractors. Who among them could show such a life of self-abnegation, living in poverty, going half-clothed, in order that she might keep her crazed son with her, instead of sending him to the State asylum? Her history touched me deeply. I related to my friend what I had learned.

"And we have been slighting this noble woman," he said regretfully. "For one I will pledge myself to devote five dollars a month toward her support if her story proves true."

It did prove true. I took the trouble to verify it at once; and when I left the town I placed in her hands some drugs, and instructions for their use, so that when she saw her son's paroxysm coming on she could put him to sleep and avoid it.

She was moved to a pleasant little cottage on the outskirts of the village, where she lived until she died, which was within a few weeks of the death of her afflicted son. The daughter, I afterwards heard, had recovered.

The common belief that air weighs nothing—or almost nothing—a belief which has given rise to the simile "light as air," needs correction. A toy balloon filled with a cubic foot of air weighs 564 grains more than the same balloon collapsed. This shows that the weight of a cubic foot of air is 564 grains, which is a good deal more than an ounce. Accordingly a small room (15 by 15 by 10), containing 2,250 cubic feet of air, would weigh 2,900 ounces or 183.7 pounds avoirdupois, as much as a large man. Could you lift a room full of air? The air in an automobile tire under pressure of 150 pounds a square inch weighs proportionally ten times as much, while air under the pressure of fifty atmospheres weighs fifty times as much as an equal volume of ordinary air. When air is liquefied its volume is reduced to one-sixteenth hundredth normal, so that the liquid is 1,600 times as heavy as gaseous air, or about as heavy as water.

GOOD READING

A father and a son met in Brock, Neb., for the first time in forty-five years. Both men were gray-haired, but one was just a little more bent than the other. Frank Hue, the son, is fifty and is a railroad conductor of Seneca, Kan. Lewis Hue, the father, is seventy-three years old, and a merchant of this city. The father and his wife separated when the son was five years old.

While fishing at St. James, Mich., Roger Jewitt caught a large pike which he first hooked in the same locality seven years ago. Jewitt knows it is the same fish, as it was still attached to a valuable silver-mounted fishing pole which it had wrested from him after a terrible struggle. The great pike jerked pole and line from Jewitt's hands at that time. It has been swimming about ever since, towing the pole behind it.

W. H. Davenport, a railroad man, who recently returned to San Francisco, Cal., from Nevada, tells how a native of that State took him on a fishing trip. Instead of using poles and lines, they went to an irrigation ditch, turned on the water for a few moments, and then cut it off suddenly. Almost a hundred mountain trout were left stranded and were easily picked up. "And they call that fishing," says Davenport.

Announcement was made by the War Department recently that out of the total of \$2,000,000 annually appropriated by Congress for apportionment among the various States for the purchase of supplies and ammunition under the militia law \$1,599,362 has been set aside by the Secretary of War for that purpose during the fiscal year 1915. The amounts allotted to New Jersey is \$53,856 and to New York \$214,260.

The New York Public Library has just acquired the extensive collection of meteorological works formerly kept at the Central Park Observatory. These consist chiefly of the year-books and other periodical statistical publications of foreign meteorological services and observatories; a class of literature which is found in very few libraries in this country. The largest collection of such works is that in the library of the Weather Bureau in Washington.

The great difficulty in removing deposits from the inside of bottles is well known, and often they have to be discarded for this reason. A Swiss inventor makes an ingenious device in the shape of a rather large metal basin with a middle upright tube. Sand is put in the basin, and a hose connects with the water supply. A simple arrangement allows of projecting sand and water into the bottle which is fitted over the tube, and this cleans it effectually. Then the sand can be stopped and the operation finished with pure water.

Jacob Serafin, an undertaker, and five pallbearers were almost buried alive the other morning in St. Peter's Cemetery at Lodi, N. J. The men were standing on a plank over the grave, ready to lower the coffin. Relatives of the dead were gathered around. There was a crash and the plank gave way, throwing undertaker and pallbearers in a heap on the bottom of the grave. The coffin next fell on top of the six men, bringing with it considerable earth. It was with some difficulty that they were extricated by the funeral attendants.

The love of a cliff swallow for her newly hatched babes nerved the mother bird for a successful duel with a small rattlesnake in the El Paso Gulch on the desert north of Grand Junction, Colo. The bird had made her nest in a low crevice on one side of the gulch. A party of surveyors on the other side watched the snake crawl slowly toward the nest. When it came within three feet the mother bird left her young ones and attacked the snake with her beak and claws. Two onslaughts convinced the reptile that his hopes were in vain. The bird was saved from further harass by the engineers, who killed the snake.

When F. F. Merritt, of Grand Junction, Colo., because of his love for animals, refused to shoot a colony of gray squirrels that made their home this year under his apricot trees, he added many dollars to his bankroll. The squirrels stripped his trees of every apricot, but took only the pit. The apricot pit is extremely sweet and juicy. The squirrels carefully opened the fruit and extracted the seed. The fruit, devoid of pits, was left on the ground beneath the trees. The pits have been stored away by the animals for winter use. Merritt easily collected the fruit as pitted by the squirrels and sold it to the canning factory at 2 cents per pound more than ordinary unpitted apricots brought. In addition he was saved the expense of employing pickers to harvest his crop.

Mrs. Manon de Shazo, of Avondale, Ala., has returned from a trip to Montevallo and told her friends that her youngest son, R. W. de Shazo, aged three years, was rescued from drowning by her elder son, Ira de Shazo, who is just eight years old. The rescue happened at Spring Creek, near Montevallo. Ira was fishing in the creek and his little brother was wading about in the shallow water. The youngest boy stepped off a ledge and disappeared in the deep water. No one was within calling distance. Ira dropped his fishing pole and jumped in after his brother. He caught the little fellow as he was going down the second time and pulled him out of the water by means of a bush on the bank of the creek. Mrs. de Shazo knew nothing of the rescue until Ira came to the house lugging his very wet and very frightened brother.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

KITE SIGNALING OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

Novel ways of signaling were tried out recently during the naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean by men aboard the French warships. It was generally conceded that the tests with box kites were most efficient. The results proved that the box kites, being light, can be hoisted even when there is but a slight breeze; and their size makes them easily discernible from great distances.

The signal system used was similar to that of the flag system. Various combinations of kite grouping were used. While this system of signaling is not quite so fast as signaling by means of flags, it is more definite, it is claimed, and can be seen for miles around.

The success of the experiment has led to a recommendation to the French government that the system be introduced generally in the navy of France.

SNAPPING TURTLE MINE.

The almost unbroken drought which has prevailed in the southern end of Grant County since May 10, promises to depopulate a big pond near Fairmount, Ind., of snapping turtles, which for years have thrived there in great numbers.

The water is now all gone, and the hardshells have buried themselves beneath old tree tops and bunches of trash about fifteen inches below the surface. Some one discovered this recently and since then has been bringing to town large supplies of turtles. He kept the location a secret, with the exception of a few friends, but the second crew is now at work, and the turtles are being dug out on alternate days by the two parties.

One of the crews obtained more than 100 pounds of turtles in a few days and they held a big feed the other night. The other hunting party brought in six big snappers weighing from eight to eighteen pounds each.

SAWDUST BREAD.

Sawdust may not appeal to the palate as a digestible or appetizing substitute for flour in the making of bread, but all the same there is a large bakery in Berlin turning out 20,000 loaves of sawdust bread daily.

The sawdust is first subjected to a process of fermentation and various chemical manipulations. Finally it is mixed with one-third part of rye flour, formed into loaves and baked in ovens like any other bread.

Although this new "pain de bois," as the French call it, is meant for consumption by horses only, claim is made by the manufacturers that in case of famine it would furnish a nutritious and highly satisfactory food for human beings.

Sawdust bread may not taste so bad as it sounds. In various parts of the world bread is obtained from trees. For example, in the Molucca Islands the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white, floury meal, which is made into flat, oblong loaves and baked in curious little

ovens divided into small oblong cells just big enough to receive the loaves.

In Lapland the inner bark of pine trees, well ground and mixed with oat flour, is made into cakes, which are cooked in a pan over the fire. In Kamchatka pine bark and birch bark are used for bread without the addition of any other substance, being reduced to powder by pounding, made into loaves and baked.

Along the Columbia River bread is made from a kind of moss that grows on a species of fir trees. After being dried it is sprinkled with water, allowed to ferment, rolled into balls as big as a man's head and baked in pits, with the help of hot stones. Travelers who have tasted it say that it is by no means unpalatable.

The Californian Indians collect the pollen of cattails in large quantities by beating it off the plants and catching it on blankets. They make bread of it. But as a delicacy they prefer bread of grasshopper flour.

EGYPT'S WINGED THIEVES.

Out at Gezira, where all Cairo has its rendezvous at the Sporting Club every afternoon in and out of season, there exist large colonies of kites and crows. No sooner are the tea tables laid out than the former, who have been perched on the qui vive on the adjacent trees, start circling round and round. With a sudden dive one of these hawk-like birds will swoop down on the table he has chosen and pick off the bread and butter and cake.

New arrivals in Egypt are always very disconcerted by these antics. It matters not how many people are seated around the tables. The kite is no respecter of persons and on one crowded afternoon last season, when the German Crown Princess was taking tea, I remember seeing no fewer than eight tables swept of their eatables by as many kites in the space of a few minutes.

These monster birds add to the terror which they strike to the heart of the new arrival by the fact that their flight is so sudden and the theft is committed without stopping. They describe a curve, the lowest point of which is the plate of bread and butter or cake, and so accurate is their descent that rarely do they leave or drop anything. An amusing factor in this otherwise rather annoying situation is furnished by the crows, who invariably act as scouts for the kites, and the presence of whom, hopping about the grass, always precedes one of these depredatory flights.

When the coup has been successfully brought off the crows evince their pleasure by ear splitting caws, and proceed to follow the plunderer at a respectful distance, possibly in order to express their unbounded admiration in the vain hope of obtaining a few crumbs. On the golf course the kites are a source of endless trouble to the players—and incidentally one of great profit to the golf ball venders—for it is no unusual thing for your ball to be whiffed off just as you are making ready to put after a record approach.



ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black walnut, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE MAGIC DAGGER.



A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly

shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch.

It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 3 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two side marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE JOKER'S CIGAR.



The biggest sell of the season. A real cigar made of tobacco, but secreted in the center of cigar about one-half inch from end is a fountain of sparklets. The moment the fire reaches this fountain hundreds of sparks of fire burst forth in every direction, to the astonishment of the smoker. The fire is stage fire, and will not burn the skin or clothing. After the fireworks the victim can continue smoking the cigar to the end. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c; 1 dozen, 90c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

BINGO.



It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent. But it is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under

any article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box or between the leaves of a magazine, also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a Burglar Alarm or as a Theft Preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, under a door or window, or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.



The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it.

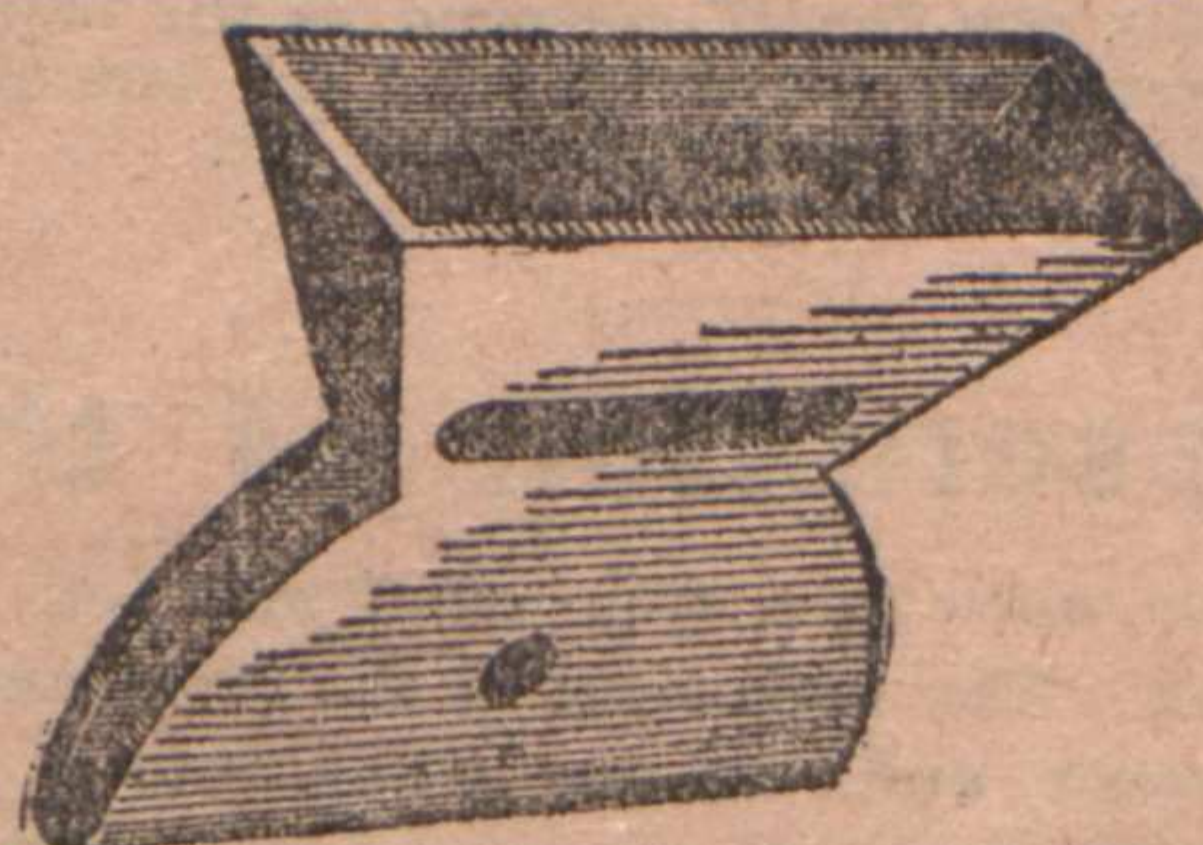
Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.



This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by

mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



THE FLUTOPHONE.—A new musical instrument, producing the sweetest dulcet tones of the flute. The upper part of the instrument is placed in the mouth, the lips covering the openings in the centre. Then by blowing gently upon it you can play any tune desired as easily as whistling. But little practice is required to become a finished player. It is made entirely of metal, and will last a lifetime. We send full instructions with each instrument.

Price 8 cents, by mail, postpaid. A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOTS OF FUN



Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Send a dime and a 2c stamp for one dozen.

DOUBLE THROAT CO., Dept. K, Frenchtown, N. J.



BOYS! GIRLS!

10c

The wonder of the 20th Century. Shows the bones in your fingers, lead in a pencil, &c., &c. You can see through clothes, even the flesh turns transparent and the bones can be seen. Very

useful and instructive. The most interesting instrument ever invented. Think of the fun you can have with it. Complete X-Ray shipped, prepaid by mail upon receipt of 10c. X-RAY MFG. CO., Dept. 43, 26 E. 23d St., N. Y.

SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nickeled tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the

screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

IMITATION FLIES.



Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

POCKET WHISK-BROOM.



This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6 1/2 inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

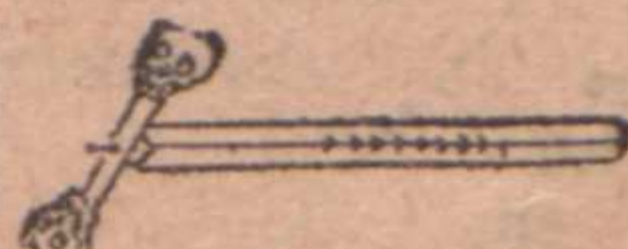
PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to gnaw at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE HINDOO WHIRLER.



A white wood, notched stick, 8 1/2 inches long, with a pivot at the end, on which a metal arm revolves. Your friend scrapes the notches with a toothpick, but he cannot make the metal arm spin unless he understands the secret. You can scrape the stick in a certain way, and the metal whirler to the right. Scrape the same way, and at the word of command you can make it revolve in the opposite direction. A mystifying novelty which will puzzle and amuse everybody. Price, 10c., postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE JUMPING FROG.



This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

MANY TOOL KEY RING.



The wonder of the age. The greatest small tool in the world. In this little instrument you have in combination seven useful tools embracing Key Ring, Pencil Sharpener, Nail Cutter and Cleaner, Watch Opener, Cigar Clipper, Letter Opener and Screw Driver. It is not a toy, but a useful article, made of cutlery steel, tempered and highly nicked. Therefore will carry an edge the same as any piece of cutlery. As a useful tool, nothing has ever been offered to the public to equal it. Price, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE PEG JUMPER.



A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown.

Price by mail, 15c.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.



A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These lilliputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

EGGS OF PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.



A wonderful and startling novelty! "Pharaoh's Serpents" are produced from a small egg, no larger than a pea. Place one of them on a plate, touch fire to it with a common match, and instantly a large serpent, a yard or more in length, slowly uncoils itself from the burning egg. Each serpent assumes a different position. One will appear to be gliding over the ground, with head erect, as though spying danger; another will coil itself up, as if preparing for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another will stretch out lazily, apparently enjoying its usual noonday nap. Immediately after the egg stops burning, the serpent hardens, and may afterward be kept as an amusing curiosity. They are put up in wooden boxes, twelve eggs in a box. Price, 8c.; 3 boxes for 20c.; 1 dozen boxes for 60c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.



If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the Pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

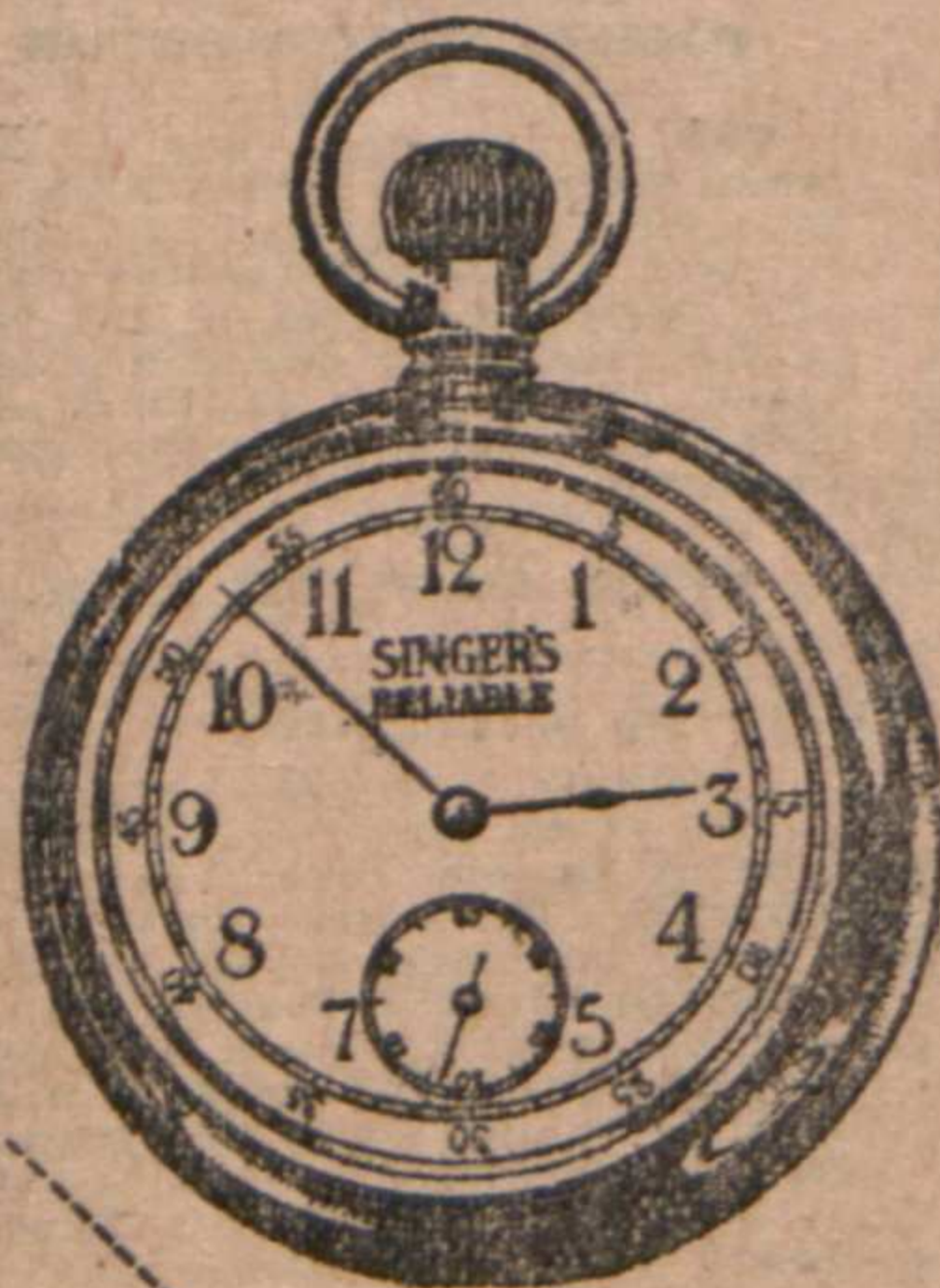
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